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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

ODIN, a Poem, by the RIGHT HON. SIR W. DRUMMOND.

We hail with pleasure the appearance (so rare in these ballading days) of a classical poem. When we say a classical poem, we do not mean a poem formed on the Grecian or Roman model, nor yet a tame manufacture of correct couplets. We recognise by the word classical, what is pure, according to the present state of our language, combined with what is manly, venerable and elegant in the older writers. We are far from wishing to deprive poetry of its peculiar privileges, to adopt antiquated phraseology, and to imitate a Spencer or a Milton. All we contend for, is, that it ought not to admit words or expressions which are altogether obsolete, and unintelligible without a glossary, and that it ought to imitate the peculiar graces, and not the peculiar deformities, of the British ancients.

Sir William Drummond has, with a few exceptions, accomplished this difficult mode of ornament, with much taste, genius, and judgment, in the work under consideration. Milton appears to be his chief model; and though his language is sometimes disfigured by words used in their original or radical sense,¹ instead of according to their present acceptation; and though his sentences are often too short and abrupt, like those of the Leonidas, yet on the whole, there is a majesty, a harmony, a vigor, and a terseness in his style, which we have not frequently seen surpassed.

This volume contains only the first part of Odin, and consists of four books. The poem, when complete, is to form two parts, and contain eight books.

The story of the first part we shall give in a few words, and with some quotations, which may enable the reader to judge of the composition.

"Late was the hour, when 'mid Suevoenia's wilds,

By Gotha strayed that Eastern King renown'd,
Pharnces called in Pontus, when he strove,
In vain near Zela, with the might of Rome.
From Mithridates sprung, proud as his sire,
He spurned the thralldom of the Roman yoke;
And followed by a train of warriors, sought,
In northern climes, Cimmerian regions drear,
To found an empire, and be still a king."

While the King is lamenting his fallen

¹ "Two comets rose
Miraculous, and with vigorous light
Eclipsed the constellations." p. 50.

fortunes, the Genius of the river Gotha appears before him, and tells him,
"The throne of Odin it is thine to mount;
But first, dread enterprise! thou must explore
The horrors dire, unknown, unspeakable,
Of that black gulph, unfathomed, silent, dark,
Where day comes never, and where death holds
rule."

The King, determined upon obeying the injunction of the spectre, returns to the camp, where he finds his satraps risen in rebellion against him. He addresses and exhorts them to resume their allegiance and assist him in his projected enterprise. Some of them reply tauntingly, and he dares the camp to follow him to a neighbouring cavern, where the god of the "congenial clime" resides, promising them prodigies. They obey. Arrived at the cavern, which is throwing forth flame and smoke, the King bids them return to their tents, and then plunges into the "house of death." The rebels, terrified, accuse Araces and Moran, their chief leaders, of having led them into sedition and blasphemy. In a transport of remorse and superstition, they destroy these traitors.

Meanwhile the King descends into the cavern, wakes the Prophetess who sleeps there,—she shows him the wonders of the place, which is described in a fine vein of rich poetry, and at length, by promising him a kingdom, tempts him to throw off allegiance to his father's faith, and worship Loke. He then returned to the camp. The chiefs of the country, alarmed by the last night's approach of Pharnces's army to the cave of Loke, and finding they had left their strong station on the hill, determine to attack them. The battle rages, but in the midst of it,
"Lo! from the mountain's lofty brow descends
A golden car by four white coursers drawn;
And in that car, the likeness of a man,
That wears upon his head a regal crown,
Is seated."

Over his car is seen displayed the banner stolen by Loke, which he who bears is sure to be installed, by the worshippers of Odin, with his honors and his name. This personage proves to be Pharnces, and the Northern hordes instantly hail him "Odin, our king!" He addresses them, bids the hostile armies embrace as brothers, tells them that,

"No more divided, but one people now,
Ruled by one Prince, united by one name,
By Gotha's water, Odin hails you Goths."

The Scalds then chaunt the song of praise to Odin, and so the first part ends.

We rather fear that this Northern

mythology will hardly prove interesting enough for epic effect. Though more novel than the trite mythology of Greece and Rome, it is not sufficiently blended either with our classical or national reminiscences, to create delight or sympathy. We might also make some animadversions upon the conduct of the fable, but as that fable is yet incomplete, we judge it more prudent to wait for the second part, which we hope Sir William will not fail to lay before the public on a future day.

RECHERCHES MEDICO-PHILOSOPHES SUR LA MELANCHOLIE; PAR M. ROUBAUT-LUCE.

This new work is reviewed by a French Journalist in the following amusing style.

"The book which we have now to notice is a little too late in making its appearance. Melancholy is no longer fashionable, and the remedy is useless when the disorder is at an end. *Samuse qui peut* is the phrase of the present day: the accusation of insensibility will occasion but little uneasiness to those who prefer smiling ideas to sombre reflections. We are now permitted to assume gaiety without any derogation of dignity of mind, and if Melancholy appear in the world, she is known only by the name of slovenliness. But what business has she in this world amidst the lively and multiplied sensations which succeed each other with so much rapidity? Can Melancholy reconcile herself to this tumult? No, truly, she has other enticements: those who are melancholy must be at their ease, with nothing either to vex or to divert them; and placed in a situation which affords no excitement to the mind, with but little amusement, no absolute affliction, and nothing to stir up decided emotions or sorrows that have a name. Melancholy is never combined with impressions of which any distant account can be rendered.

Melancholy has been styled the *convalescence of grief*. If so, it is not surprising that it should have been in vogue after the disastrous days of the Revolution. At that period, several distinguished writers took a pleasure in decking it out with all the charms of their imagination. *Desalle* and *Laharpe* wrote verses on melancholy which were universally read. *Legouvé* went still farther, he composed a poem in which he exclusively celebrated the charms and delights of melancholy. This poem obtained a prodigious degree of success, particularly among the fair sex. Every woman who piqued herself in being elegant and tasteful became melancholy, or at least wished to appear so. Few had sufficient resolution to assume an air of gaiety, when they were told, by their poet, that:

La joie a ses plaisirs; mais la Melancholie,
Amante du silence, et dans soi recueillie,
Dédaigne tous ces jeux, tout ce bryant bonheur
Où s'étourdit l'esprit, où se glace le cœur

L'homme sensible et tendre, à la vive allegresse
Préfère la langueur d'une douce tristesse.

It must, however, be allowed that these precepts were not uniformly observed. Notwithstanding their sensibility, some ladies made no scruple to being amused amidst their melancholy, and carried their sadness abroad with them on visits, to balls, to the opera, &c.

But, who will believe it? For some time past, a certain class of men have been barbarous enough to regard melancholy as a disorder; these men are physicians. For instance, let us suppose that a pretty woman takes a fancy to be melancholic, and by another whim, is induced to consult Dr. Maurice Roubaut-Luce, on the nature, causes, and effects, of the indisposition under which she labours, or fancies herself to be laboring "Madam," the Doctor will say, "the word *melancholy* is derived from two Greek words signifying *black humor*. It is an exclusive and chronic delirium, and is removed only by a faint shade from madness, insanity, or idiotism. According to Galen, it proceeds from the *Atrabilis*, which is supposed to have its seat in the soul."—"But, Doctor, what is the *Atrabilis*?"—"Why, Madam, *M. de Maupertuis* not having executed his design of visiting the Austral territories, for the purpose of dissecting giants and making himself acquainted with the nature of the soul, no traces of *Atrabilis* have yet been discovered; the moderns have, however, invented various theories in order to account for its predisposing causes, among which you may make choice of that which best pleases you. If you dislike the fiery and jealous temperament, you may take the irritability of the nervous fluid and the irregularity of its motions, or the predominant acid in the fluids, or the vapors which proceed from the spleen to the liver. If you are dissatisfied with this, you may be informed that melancholy proceeds from a temperament called the melancholic; that those who are endowed, or rather afflicted, with this temperament, have a pale countenance, a livid complexion, black sunken eyes which dart forth a kind of sombre fire, thin and straight hair, a forehead wrinkled at an early age, a narrow chest, and a body almost totally bereft of flesh."—"You are rather impertinent, my dear Doctor," the lady will reply with a smile; "look at me, you see I am not of such a temperament, and yet I am oppressed with melancholy."—"Madam, I have already had the honor to inform you that you may chuse from among the predisposing causes; allow me to continue. Melancholy is sometimes hereditary."—"No, indeed, Sir; neither of my parents were afflicted with the least degree of melancholy; an annual income of 30 thousand livres, to be sure, contributed to render their lives supportable."—"Well, Madam, melancholy frequently depends on the age of the patient; infancy and youth are susceptible of lively and powerful impressions, which, according to their nature, the direction which is given to them or which they are suffered to take, or even from the opposition they experience, sometimes degenerate into melancholy. It may also depend on the

sex. Women are endowed with acute sensibility, but being lively and volatile, the inconstancy of their tastes and the instability of their wishes tend to render them less subject to melancholy."—"O shocking! Women less subject to melancholy than men! Pardon me, Doctor, melancholy is the very soul of women of a certain character."—"One moment, Madam—their imaginations, it is true, at different times become susceptible of an exaltation which may lead to melancholy. It has been observed, that there are now more melancholy women than formerly."—"Ah! now, Sir, you do justice to our sex; you acknowledge the advancement we are making in the endless road to perfectibility."—"Yes, Madam, the number of women of a melancholy turn is now far more considerable than formerly, and various causes may be assigned for this change. In conformity to the fashion of the present day, females are permitted to devote too much attention to the study of music, and to commence this study too early; transported by enchanting melodies, their youth is devoted to indolence; they visit the theatres and read romances. All this is more than sufficient to cause a young woman to be seized with melancholy, insanity, or idiotism."—"Insanity and idiotism! how can you think of using such terms, Doctor? I wish you would talk to me only of melancholy and its effects."—"Most willingly; I shall then lay aside the predisposing causes, such as climate, season, nervous susceptibility, indolence, literary occupation, solitude."—"Ah! Doctor, since there are so many predisposing causes, how can one possibly escape melancholy."—"Of that, Madam, I will presently inform you. I must first of all mention the occasional causes, such as the passions, joy, love, fear, terror and ambition; the physical causes, which are—"Oh, Sir! spare, I intreat you, the horrid nomenclature."—"Well, I will proceed to the various symptoms of melancholy: we have the gay melancholy, which is an agreeable delirium."—"Fye! Doctor, gay melancholy! that's quite unwarrantable."—"Next, the amorous melancholy, which consists in a veneration for the person beloved, or for some imaginary being; misanthropy, or hatred of the human species; nostalgia, or extravagant love of one's native country, when at a distance from it; next, the melancholy which leads to suicide; that which leads to homicide; the ascetic melancholy; demonomania, the theormania, and the pantoipholia; next, * * * ."—"And do you really suppose, Sir, that women are subject to all these dreadful maladies, the bare mention of which makes me shudder?"—"Most undoubtedly, Madam, I could mention to you fifty examples; read my *Recherches Medico-Philosophes*; but I am likewise employed in discovering remedies, and, with your permission, I would commence your treatment by ordering a great deal of exercise, long walks, frequent and even fatiguing occupations, and a simple and frugal diet. I should forbid your reading either plays or novels; you should retire to rest at an early hour, and visit neither balls nor concerts."—"But, Doctor, to adopt such a regimen as this, is

worse than being sick; it would absolutely kill me:—to give up reading novels; to forbid my appearing in company; to renounce music, I who am so distractedly fond of it; 'tis quite impossible!"—"Well, Madam, in that case I would advise you to consult *Signor Porta*, a Neapolitan gentleman, who has lately arrived in Paris; he cures every disorder by the help of music; he has caused flutes and other instruments to be manufactured with the wood of various medicinal plants: he uniformly orders the sound of a flute made of the wood of the plant which is considered efficacious in the particular disorder with which his patient may be afflicted;—in your case, Madam, he would probably prescribe a *hellebore flute*."

The above conversation is nearly an analysis of Dr. Roubaut-Luce's book, a work which contains some just observations amongst many common-place remarks and quotations, which are every where to be met with. On the whole, however, it is a book far more rational than entertaining."

Mr. P. L. LACRETELLE, Senior, has published two Volumes under the title of LITERARY and POLITICAL FRAGMENTS: one Volume being appropriated to each description of subjects. In an interesting article on the venerable Malesherbes, Mr. L. says, that when Mr. Malesherbes re-entered the Council of State in 1787, he closed him, (Mr. L.) to draw up the preparatory outlines of several plans of reforms in the laws which the King had ordered him to lay before him. As these sketches require a revision, Mr. L. had at first thoughts of burning them, but he was checked by the idea that it was proper to preserve the meditations of a great man, for the advantage of those who may turn their minds to the same subject, and he therefore intends to publish them.

An interesting fact now first published, we believe, is that when the proposal of summoning the States General was made M. de Malesherbes presented to the King an eloquent memorial, in which he dissuaded His Majesty from this measure.—"The State-General," said he, "an old fragment of ancient barbarism; a field of battle in which three factions of the same people come to struggle with each other; a shock of false interests with the general interest; a means of subversion, but incapable of being a means of renovation. Take this old edifice for what it is, a ruin. * * * what is there left in France? a nation and a King. Who ought to treat together? Who can easily agree, because they have an established tie, a common interest and affection? the nation and the King. Let not a King, at the end of the 18th century, convoke the three orders of the 14th; let him call together the landowners of a great nation renewed by its civilization. A King who submits to a constitution thinks himself degraded; a King who proposes a constitution obtains the fairest glory that exists among men; and insures their most lively and durable gratitude. Conceive the constitution suited to the age you live in, take your place in it; and do not fear to found on the rights of the people. Your nation, seeing you meet

its wish, will have but to perfect your work, before it sanctions it. Thus you may cause a great event by bringing it about yourself; thus it will be brought about without a shock; thus the interval of a rapid deliberation will change an old chaos into solid and permanent order."

This wise counsel was given to the King, in time to have prevented the scenes that followed; the memoir having been presented to his Majesty before the demand for the calling of the States-General was made by the Parliament. Yet notwithstanding the high authority of the author, and the King's personal respect for him, his counsel was rejected with contempt. Mr. L. says, that he saw Mr. Malesherbes compose this memoir, that he read several times; that Mr. Neckar afterwards, when he entered again into the ministry, requested him to borrow it for his perusal, which he did, and that Mr. Neckar returned it to him. What has become of it he does not know; but thinks it probable that Mr. de la Luzerne, bishop of Langres, and nephew to Mr. Malesherbes, may have some knowledge of it.

MEMOIRS DU MARQUIS DE DANGEAU, écrits par LUI-MÊME, contenant beaucoup de particularités et d'anecdotes sur LOUIS XIV., SA COUR, &c. Extrait du manuscrit original avec des notes historiques et critiques, et un abrégé de l'Histoire de la Régence, par MADAME DE GENLIS, 3 vols. 8vo.

It is well known that in the time of Louis XIV. there were two noblemen at the court of this monarch employed in writing a daily journal of every thing that passed under their observation; one of these was the Duke de St. Simon, the other was the Marquis de Dangeau. By examining and comparing the opinions of these two men, we have much better means of forming a just opinion of the events, and of their causes and consequences, of this brilliant period of the French monarchy.

The following account of this interesting work has appeared in a French journal.

When Louis XIV. is viewed seated on the first throne in the universe, diffusing over France and Europe the rays of his brilliant genius, judging with a single glance the great men whom heaven had profusely granted to his age, and distributing them with discernment in his councils and armies, at the head of art and science:—when he is viewed constantly occupied with vast projects, multiplying to the French people the paths of glory, the fruits of civilization, and the conquests of power, is there an imagination which is not exalted at so magnificent a spectacle? What a triumph does such a reign afford to national pride! But admiration, unceasing admiration, terminates in fatigue and such overwhelming majesty dismays. Such was our situation before the appearance of the *Memoirs de Dangeau*. We entertained for Louis-le-Grand the same kind of sentiment which a little girl may be supposed to feel in the presence of her mother, who happens to be a very respectable and at the same time very imposing lady. If asked whether she loves her Mamma, the poor child will reply: Oh, I dare not. We dared not love Louis XIV. We thank Dan-

geau for having written his Journal, and rejoice at having read it. It has made us acquainted with the excellent man in the great King. On viewing him closely, stripped of all the pomp of majesty, in the privacy of his most secret moments, in the thousand little relations by which he is approximated with us, we feel for him that weakness of heart which it is impossible to withhold from good and generous beings. Without ceasing to respect the powerful monarch, we involuntarily become attached to the father, the friend and the benefactor; every new detail of his private life renders him the more precious. Whether in pronouncing an eulogium on the *bon homme*, Bouteaux, his principal Valet-de-Chambre; or when on learning the resolution of M. de Cayove, his Grand Mareschal des Logis, the state of whose affairs obliged him to resign his situation, he replies: "we have lived so long together that I cannot now consent to our separation;" or when lending the sum of a thousand crowns to M. de Rovigny, he replies: "You did right to apply to me, I lend them you with all my heart;" or finally, when in the article of death he preferred to endure the fatiguing noise of a band of music under his windows, rather than vex those who were performing by sending out an order to interrupt them, we every where observe a kindness of national feeling, a nobleness of soul, and a real sensibility which call forth our affection and mildly captivate our hearts.

The simple narrative style in which this book is written constitutes one of its principal charms. The Marquis de Dangeau wrote without pretension or interested views. He never dreamt either that his book would be read by the King, or of making his hero shine in the eyes of posterity. Thus the courtier disappears and the historian alone is recognisable throughout the whole work, which is divested of all ornament, arrayed only in the simple garb of truth, and is the more attractive in proportion as it is unassuming. It is evident that the author put together his recollections only for himself and his friends. The reader must not expect to find in him the qualities which constitute a finished writer; for he is not one. He has but little wit, yet in return, he possesses what is still better, the art of interesting. The Marquis de Dangeau makes us intimately acquainted with Louis XIV.; the reader follows this Prince into the bosom of his family, witnesses the marks of affection which he bestows on his children, and hears him lament a separation which cost him so many sighs when he had adieu to the Duke of Anjou, who had become King of Spain, and when forgetting the dignity of his rank, he yielded to the first weaknesses of nature. We enjoy, as it were, a close view of that great soul, the sentiments and passions of which cannot fail to excite interest in every mind; we the more esteem that exquisite politeness, which was always natural because it arose out of benevolent feeling. In the work before us Louis XIV. does not assume the same majestic air as on the page of history; amiable benevolence is the principal feature in his cha-

acter, and his countenance is animated by a noble and gracious smile, or rendered more interesting by tears which call to mind the rights of humanity. In a word, he is still the hero, frequently the King, and always the man.

These Memoirs therefore contain an inexhaustible fund of interest. It is however certain that a few repetitions of ceremonies and domestic details which occasionally occur in course of the work, may be considered somewhat tedious. The reader is now and then informed that the King went a hunting, that he received company, that wet weather prevented him from going abroad, and what courtiers he appointed to accompany him to Rambouillet or to Fontainebleau. But an incalculable number of amusing, interesting and original anecdotes which throw new light on the character of Louis XIV., make ample amends for one or two repetitions, and compel us to overlook a few trifling details.

The brief account of the regency which terminates this collection, includes many judicious and well expressed reflections. The name of Madame de Genlis reflects importance on the labour she has bestowed on a work which no one was so well fitted to publish as herself. Almost all the productions of Madame de Genlis bear a reference to Princes whose names and virtuous qualities excited the jealousy of a government which proved itself anxious to annihilate all recollection of the past. The courageous attachment which Madame de Genlis manifested for the old monarchy still remains unrequited: we have not sufficiently acknowledged the services which she rendered to our national glory, by the recollections which her charming works tended to revive, whilst the venal pens of contemporary historians were labouring to efface or at least to disfigure the traits of those great sovereigns who constituted at once the ornament of the throne, the delight of France, and the glory of our ancestors.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

(For the Literary Gazette.)

REMARKS ON THE BATTLE OF PHILIPPI.

There are few events recorded in history which impress on the mind of the reader a more painful regret than the issue of the battle of Philippi.

To have ensured success to the good cause, it appears to me, that as the field of action was so vast, Macedonia should have been the fixed central part of the operations of the armies of the republic. Brutus and Cassius should always have been together in that part of Greece, where they might have organized a strong and efficient council of war. Lentulus and Trebonius would have been more than an equipoise for the renegade Dolabella in Asia Minor; and this is not a mere conjecture; for we find from a dispatch of Lentulus to the Senate, pre-

served among the letters of Cicero, that he was wandering from city to city in Asia Minor, more as a chief of banditti, than as the head of a well-organized force. On the other hand, Decimus Brutus, in Italy, supported as he was by the great majority of the senate, and of his country, and by the civil authority of Cicero, would have been more than a match for Mark Antony; who suffered a repulse, as we know, from Decimus Brutus, under the walls of Modena. But let us suppose the worst, and that after the siege of Modena, Anthony, Lepidus, and the young Octavius, had united their forces, and marched straight to Rome. The good cause, it is true, would have been much shaken, but by no means lost, so long as Brutus and Cassius were centred in the north of Greece; for the staunch friends of the Republic would then have had a fixed point to look to, a fixed standard to rally round. As the case stood, mark their deplorable condition.—Some would have been flying after Cassius in Asia Minor, others after Brutus in Macedonia, others again after the legions in Africa, and Sardinia, whose dispositions were very doubtful. Thus, they would have been cut off in detail by the adherents of the triumvirate, as most likely was the case with several. In all these great issues, there is nothing so desirable as to strengthen the *acropolis* of action, and make it as notorious and central as possible.—Yes, the great fundamental error was, the desultory warfare of Brutus and Cassius; had they remained together in Macedonia, instead of weakening their cause by an ill-combined system of operations, by their misunderstandings, and their personal quarrels, a perpetual flow of auxiliaries would have been poured into them from Italy, and the provinces, happen what might adverse in either. They might from thence have detached troops to the assistance of Lentulus and Trebonius in Asia, or to Decimus Brutus in Italy, according as either might have stood most in need of support. By a lamentable fatality, those two bold Doric columns of the Republic were disjoined. Had they, from the death of Cæsar, invariably remained together in the north of Greece, they would have preserved the *eustyle* disposition; as it was, they even excluded the *onceastyle*; consequently the *architrave* of the Republic fell with an

Rome deletus habetur, totaque Italia, si hic deletus appellanda est, cum ultro se offerunt omnes: tantus ardor occupavit animos hominum desiderio libertatis, odioso timore servitutis. Cic. Dec. Brut. lib. ii. ep. 6.

awful and irreparable crash. This, I think, would have ensured success to the Republican cause; but the arrangement was defective in another point of view. Either Brutus or Cassius should have been appointed by a decree of the Senate, generalissimo of the armies of the Republic, and one or other should have been subservient to the orders of him who might have been named. It is surprising that Cicero, or some other leading senator, did not provide this. A lamentable fatality prevailed throughout—Cassius killed himself when he had no need for doing so. If ever there was a moment when his energies were requisite, it was when he had recourse to suicide. The armies of the Republic were better appointed than those of the rebels. The triumph of Brutus was at one period complete, and the forces of Octavius and Antony were reduced by famine, and diseases, which were the consequence of their unhealthy encampment. But the particulars are well known: and the downfall of the Republic must be attributed to the neglect of precautionary measures, which we should have imagined any *tiro* in arms capable of suggesting.

THE ROUND-TABLE EXAMINER examined.

LETTER III.

We noticed, in our last letter, that a good sign over an inn door, is no security for good fare within; and that some of the best titles in the *Round-Table Examiner*, are made use of to introduce us to the most opposite principles. This sort of contrast is so general, that it is difficult to suppose it accidental. In an essay "On the Literary character," men of letters are, by innuendo, inference and direct assertion, in separate passages and the entire context, represented as *Sensualists*, (Vol. ii. p. 197—198.) as men, "upon whom prejudices as well as attachments lose their hold"—and who *patter with their duties as they please*. In the same paper, (see our last letter,) an opportunity is taken, under the pretext of showing the grossness of excessive refinement, to assert and show the advantage of the *sensual* over the *intellectual gratifications*; and we are gravely told, by those precious imitators of Addison and Steele—"grossness and sensuality have been remarked with no less triumph, in the religious devotee than in the professed philosopher." (Ibid.) In their essays "On Religious Hypocrisy"—"On the Tendency of Sects"—"On the Causes of Methodism"—and in some others, the cause of religion itself is treated with scoffing disrespect, and the Bible history of David adverted to, with blasphemous indecency. They slander the whole of the Clergy with the opprobrium of *hypocrisy*, of which we quote but this one sentence—"The Ministers of Religion are perhaps more liable to this vice than any other class of people." (V. ii. p. 172.) In an essay "On the Catalogue Raisonné of the British Institution," an occasion is seized upon to calumniate and

degrade the genius of the British School, and blast the professional estimation and character of the whole body of the British artists, without a solitary exception, as men "of upstart pretensions," (Vol. ii. p. 211.)—as "bastards, not children of the art," (p. 212.)—"a gang of sturdy beggars, who demand public encouragement and support, with a claim of settlement in one hand and a forged certificate of merit in the other," (214.)—Keepers of "professional little-goes and E. O. tables,"—and "Cut-purses of the art, that from the shelf the precious diadem stole, and put it in their pockets," (219.)—There are a number of other instances of this utter disagreement between their titles and the substance of their essays. They manifest, altogether, to use their own hacknied term, an *abstract malignity* against the character of their country-women; against individuals, and whole classes and bodies of their fellow-subjects; of whom they never could have had personal knowledge; and who never could have given them offence. We shall, at present, only notice an extraordinary opportunity, which they have taken, in an essay "On Good-Nature," to vent a mass of cold-blooded malevolence, and excite the worst passions and local prejudices of the multitude, by a false and vile representation of the Scotch and Irish people. This libel upon nearly seven millions of their fellow subjects, was published in the very next essay to that containing the slander upon the whole body of the people of England, in the memorable passage—"He (John Bull) boasts of the excellence of his laws, and the goodness of his own disposition; yet there are more people hanged in England than in all Europe besides:—he boasts of the modesty of his country-women, and yet there are more prostitutes in the streets of London, than in all the capitals of Europe put together."—We have already pointed out, that, in the above, without the means of ascertaining the number of men hanged or executed in all Europe, or the number of prostitutes in all the capitals on the Continent put together; they risked all claim to credit, by confidently giving their random assertions as facts, to obtain the pre-eminent gratification of making the world think the worst of their own country! From the *Round-Table Moralists*, who had vilified the *Men of Letters* as unprincipled *Sensualists*; the *Clergy* as *Hypocrites*; the *British Artists* as *Cut-purses of the Art*, *Forgers and Impostors*; all the people resident in the country parts of England as stupid, envious, brutish, hating, ready to devour each other, and eager to return injuries for benefits; we need not be surprised at this latter horrid and insulting character of the men and women of England. A foreigner, who would believe them, must suppose this island to be a land of Prostitutes and sanguinary Felons. Any libel, however black, upon the Scotch or Irish people, in their pages, can appear only as a matter of course; another indulgence of their malignant propensities. We shall here quote a part of their laboured attack upon the Scotch and Irish people, in their own words, from their essay "On GOOD NATURE."—"A GOOD NATURED MAN

is utterly unfit for any situation or office in life that requires integrity, fortitude, or generosity, any sacrifice except of opinion, or any exertion but to please. A good natured man will debauch his friend's mistress, if he has an opportunity; and betray his friend sooner than share disgrace and danger with him. He will not forego the smallest gratification to save the whole world. He makes his own convenience the standard of right and wrong. He avoids the feelings of pain in himself, and shuts his eyes to the sufferings of others. He will put a malefactor or an innocent person (no matter which) to the rack, and only laugh at the uncouthness of the gestures, or wonder that he is so unmannerly as to cry out. There is no villany to which he will not lend a helping hand with great coolness and cordiality; for he sees only the pleasant and profitable side of things; he will assent to a falsehood with a leer of complacency, and applaud any atrocity that comes recommended in the garb of authority." (Vol. ii. p. 78.)—"The shrieks of death, the torture of mangled limbs, the last groans of despair, are things that shock his smooth humanity too much ever to make an impression on it; his good nature sympathises only with the smile, the bow, the gracious salutation, the fawning answer: vice loses its sting and corruption its poison in the oily sweetness of his disposition." (Vol. ii. p. 79.)—"He is a slave to the will of others, a coward to their prejudices, a tool of their vices. A GOOD NATURED MAN is no more fit to be trusted in public affairs than a coward or a woman is to lead an army. SPLEEN is the soul of patriotism and public good. Lord Castlereagh is a good natured man, Lord Eldon is a good natured man, CHARLES FOX was a GOOD NATURED MAN. The LAST INSTANCE is the MOST DECISIVE. The definition of a true Patriot is a good hater.—A King, who is a good natured man, is in a fair way of becoming a tyrant." (vol. ii. p. 79, 80.) It would be difficult to produce any parallel of a malevolence so cold-hearted, deliberate and active, as appears in the whole of this essay "On good nature." Other public writers have proved their impartiality by conferring praise, without distinction, on all sides; but, in the excess of their causeless hatred, and anti-social feelings, the Round-Table libellers strike and stab in every direction. They prove their impartiality, by equally blackening both sexes, Whig and Tory; Administration and Opposition; English and Scotch and Irish; men of all parties and persuasions. The friends of the ministers have no reason to charge them with partiality; as they have coupled together Lord CASTLEREAGH and Mr. CHARLES FOX in the same class of miscreants, whom in the language of their essay "On good nature," under the designation of "a good natured man," they had described as cowards and tools, willing without hesitation or remorse, to lend a helping hand to any villany, or sanction any cruel atrocity for their own interest. The most singular thing in this is their having placed CHARLES FOX, at the head of this horrid class, as the most decisive instance of diabolical complacency! This was a post of dis-

tingtion, to which in all his party wars we believe that his worst enemies never before raised this celebrated statesman. But the Round-Table moralists did not heap together all this magazine of vile and detestable imputations, for the mere confined pleasure of blackening only Lord Castlereagh, Lord Eldon, and Charles Fox. They aimed at higher game than a couple of Cabinet Lords, and the deceased leader of the Whigs. Having accumulated a competent store of calumnious materials, in seven tortuous pages of crimination, as the characteristics of "a good natured man," they in a couple of sentences blacken whole nations at once; and with perfect coolness add "THE IRISH ARE A GOOD NATURED PEOPLE," that is, according to the context, the Irish are as great villains as Lord Castlereagh, Lord Eldon, Charles Fox, and that class of detestable villains, whom they had been in so many pages describing. This charitable attempt to foment national prejudices against their Irish fellow subjects, is curiously minced up with a show of candor, which by affecting to place the virtues of the Irish in their animal sensations, at the expence of their heads, implies a depravity or defect of understanding, that deepens the die of these horrid imputations. We give here the least exceptionable part of the passage: "The Irish are a GOOD NATURED PEOPLE; they have many virtues, but their virtues are those of the heart, not of the head. In their passions and affections they are sincere, but they are hypocrites in understanding." (vol. ii. p. 81.) According to this in their likings and dislikings, their animal feelings, which are in some degree involuntary, the Irish are sincere; a compliment which is equally due to the wolf and the tiger; "but they are hypocrites in their understanding." "If they once begin to calculate the consequences, self-interest prevails. An IRISHMAN who trusts to his principles, and a SCOTCHMAN who yields to his impulses, are EQUALLY DANGEROUS." (vol. ii. p. 81.) The plain English here, according to these profound moralists, amounts to this, that the Irish people having "no coherency of understanding;" (ibid.) otherwise having heads without virtue; are "a good natured people;" a people willing to lend a hand to any villany, any atrocity, and are of course a dangerous people; objects of suspicion and dislike; and to be shunned by the people of England as unfit for safe companionship or trust! The Scotch, according to these premises, are allowed to have clear heads; but, owing to their having no impulses, or feelings animal or mental, but for themselves, are "EQUALLY DANGEROUS;" quite as villainous, atrocious, and unfit to be trusted as the Irish, whenever any act of villany or atrocity will serve their own turn! An IRISHMAN therefore, according to the Round Table, must never trust to his principles, or a SCOTCHMAN to his impulses; or woe to the man, woman, or child, who stands in the way of their interest! So much for the philanthropy of the moralists, who were to have dug deep beneath the surface to bring up materials for the "kindlier intercourse" of their fellow subjects! These are the imita-

tors of ADDISON and STEELE! Their labours, instead of being "similar papers" to the Spectator and Tatler, are as opposite to them as night is to day, or as deadly poison is to wholesome food. The Spectators and Tatlers breathed peace and good will among men. The Round-Table lectures are calculated to convert kindness into distrust; and to fan every spark and expiring ember of local difference into a devouring flame. No public enemy could more effectually injure the popular interests or endanger public freedom. There are but two modes of enslaving a free people; by divisions created by corruption; or divisions produced by incendiary writers. The latter are more dangerous. When corruption has spent its force, the corrupted may be restored to a sense of their duty. But when an incendiary, under the mask of philanthropy, has poisoned the minds of his fellow subjects, and inflamed their hearts against each other, he cannot, even if he would, repair the evil. The injury is permanent; the hatreds and divisions descend from father to son, from generation to generation; a fatal legacy of public weakness and a sure invitation to domestic oppression and foreign invasion. These Sunday-morning preceptors make their fellow subjects doubt and fear and hate each other. They scatter suspicions, exasperations, firebrands, and discords through the two islands. We repeat it, that we know of no parallel to this cold-blooded malignity; this unappeasable, unprovoked, and wanton craving for the indiscriminate slaughter of public and private character; this horrid fiend-like eagerness to traduce defenceless women, and foment local hatreds and national divisions among their countrymen. These essays are calculated to tear open all our old wounds; revive rancorous party hostilities; and corrupt the morals and manners of the empire. They set all classes in array against each other. We refer to the Sunday Newspaper in which they were published; and to their two volumes which are in circulation, for their own words. We now shall recapitulate the substance and essence of their pious labours, their mission of loss and kindlier intercourse. We mean their slanders only, not their attacks upon revealed religion; and our limits oblige us to give them in a condensed form, with a reference to their own essays. The men of letters are traduced and rendered objects of general disgust, as sensualists, not to be bound by duty or moral obligation. The Clergy are aspersed and rendered odious to the Laity, as being more inclined to the vice of hypocrisy, than other men. The Genius of the empire is contemptuously reviled and insulted; and the British artists are belied; injured in their patronage; defamed and lowered in the opinion of the whole country and all Europe; as cutpurse of the art; and impostors, whose claims of merit are forged. The poor rustics, in a season of scarcity, and all the residents in the country parts of England, are deprived of public sympathy, and calumniated to the inhabitants of London and the great towns, as brutish, envious, stupid, ungrateful, and malignant beings. The women

of England, as we have shewed, are traduced, rendered objects of suspicion, and jealousy; and held up by malignant inference, to their husbands, fathers, brothers, and lovers, as the most depraved and immodest of their sex in Europe. The men of England are blackened and stigmatised to the people of Scotland, Ireland, and the whole world, as *dolts, dupes, blockheads, bullies*, and by palpable inference, *cowards*; the most dishonest, base and bloody-minded people in Christendom. The Irish, in their turn, are calumniated and rendered objects of public odium to England and Scotland, as a people, in a good natured way, ready to lend a hand to any villany or atrocity through an incoherence in their understandings, a want of virtue in their heads. The Scotch, notwithstanding the clearness of their heads, have come in for their full share of defamation with the Irish and English, as *equally dangerous*, equally ready for any villany or atrocity, whenever the selfish depravity of their "impulses" puts them in the way of a profitable robbery, assassination, or any other heinous crime. In this latter concluding recapitulation of the parts only to which we have hitherto adverted, we are obliged, as we before observed, to condense the matter of their words and malignant inferences, with a reference to the preceding extracts and reasoning, in this and our two former letters; and as their essays are before the public, every man who sets a value upon the morals of his family, can form his judgment by their own words, by the letter and the spirit of their whole publication. A full and impartial comprehension of their work, in parts and as a whole, in its direct and ultimate tendency to injure public manners and morals, can easily be acquired by a comparison of its letter and spirit, which in many striking passages will be found to preserve, in appearance, a guarded separation, although they work together in the minds of the reader. The words "*On good nature*," prefixed as a title to one of their essays, were made use of to introduce their false and infamous attack upon the Irish and Scotch; so in their scoffing attacks upon revealed religion, and their impious mockery of the Deity, which require a distinct exposure, the letter and spirit will be found to be as cautiously set at a seeming distance.

When the benevolent mind of Addison forewarned the people, in his essays, that, if ever the liberty of England should be destroyed, it must be by their own party animosities and national divisions, he little foresaw that, in another century, English Writers would be found, under the pretext of publishing a series "*of similar papers*," to make a mockery of the Scriptures; and blow into a flame all those fatal prejudices and national divisions, against which, as the grave of freedom, he so earnestly admonished his country. Yet all the anti-social malevolence and sneering contempt for revealed religion, in the Round Table, is set forward under the mask of philanthropy. Our stream of thinking is not muddied by the petty interests or fluctuating maxims of parties in or out of power. We speak in the spirit of history, and our reasoning applies to all ages

and countries. It is an eternal truth, that a divided people can neither acquire liberty, nor retain that inestimable blessing. They must be either amicably joined in the bonds of a common interest, by nature, reason, and the dictates of humanity and religion; or by an over-ruling Power, in fetters of the opposite kind. An empire composed of different nations requires the pen and voice of mild, persuasive Eloquence, to charm away their prejudices and melt them into one people. The unhappy divisions of the several states, which composed the commonwealth, overthrew the liberty of Rome; and finally subverted the empire. Those incendiaries who would excite popular divisions are public enemies. The British Writer, who can subdue a local prejudice or national dislike, in the breasts of Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen, is the true friend to his country; and will merit more than a statue of gold; the gratitude of the latest posterity. These are the victories which are to our taste, but we have the will only without the power. These are the glories of which a friend to humanity, a man of real genius, might well be proud. Our voice is weak, and our hope humble, but we shall repeat, again and again, that a Writer, who subdues a popular animosity, and introduces tranquillity and affection among his countrymen, does more for the public security, than a general who wins a dozen bloody battles, fills a country with widows and orphans, and conquers a kingdom, in a distant part of the world.

A NEW EXAMINER.

BISHOP HORSLEY.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—Allow me through the medium of your excellent journal, which appears to be a proper vehicle for eliciting literary information, to enquire whether there is any likelihood that the world will be favoured with an ample memoir and correspondence of the late learned Bishop HORSLEY! It is truly to be lamented that in this age of Biography, when so many insignificant characters are eulogised with as much pomp and parade as if they had been persons of the first distinction in science, eight years should have passed away without any detailed account of one of the brightest ornaments the English Church ever enjoyed. The excellence of the Bishop of St. Asaph was not confined to his peculiar profession, for it is well known that he was a mathematician of the first rank, and a scholar of almost universal knowledge. His writings will ever speak his praise, and the journals of parliament exhibit ample proofs of his diligence as a member of the House of Peers, and of his powers as an orator of the most commanding eloquence. In private life he was truly amiable, and I can most cheerfully bear testimony to the suavity of his manners, and the liberality of his disposition. He held a very extended correspondence with learned men abroad and at home, upon all subjects of literary importance, and he was to my knowledge always punctual in answering any letters that he received, though frequently he was called upon to give his opinion upon compositions which obliged him to enter into an elaborate

course of inquiry, and to employ himself upon much laborious calculation. His son has very properly favoured the public with four volumes of his revered father's discourses and some other of his erudite performances, but one thing remains for filial duty to discharge, and he is hereby respectfully called upon to remember that time is passing away and that many are hastening to the grave, who would be glad to contribute their assistance in enriching a memoir which, properly executed, cannot fail to be one of the most valuable in the English language.

May 9, 1817.

W.

PROGRESS OF THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

TIN MINES.—The simplest events in domestic economy are often conducive to general welfare and internal emolument. Of this nature is a recent discovery, that the Coal Gas, though corrosive of copper, has yet no mordent effect upon Tin. The result may be beneficial to our Cornish Mines of the latter article.

The system by which Cottons are printed in varied colours, has been applied by Mr. W. Savage to the colouring of Prints in imitation of highly finished drawings; or, in other words, the print both in outline and colour is worked off by successive applications of wooden blocks cut and tinted in a manner so progressive as to produce the effect required. Our fair readers will at once see that this idea has partly been practised in the progressive application of colour, through the vacancies cut in plates of copper, so as to produce ornamental flowers on muslin and tiffany trimmings.

STEAM BOATS.—Since the approach of summer has put all our Steam Boats in motion for Margate and the other marine watering places, it has been proposed to obviate all danger of explosion, and to encourage the timid, by substituting the mechanical action of hydraulics for the impulse produced by steam. It is true that the first impulse given by the latter mode is not so rapid; but all mechanists know the mode of multiplying power and increasing rapidity; so that the only objection can be the increased expense of machinery, which would be saved in fuel in a few seasons.

ANTEDILUVIAN DISCOVERIES.—It has been suggested lately by Mr. Mushet, in consequence of analysing some native Iron discovered in Brasil, that such specimens are actually the remains of Antediluvian Metallurgy, and not resulting from the chemistry of nature. This idea struck him from its resemblance to the residuum so often found in blast furnaces; particularly as similar masses are often found where an ore of iron is abundant on the surface, perhaps the scoria of former works!

PERPETUAL MOTION.

Salisbury, 27th May, 1817.

Mr. Editor,—No problem has more engaged the attention, puzzled the brains, and baffled the efforts of Mathematicians and Mechanical Men, for these two thousand years past, than the celebrated problem of a Perpetual Motion. I find in a late num-

ber of your valuable Literary Gazette, that "a Monsieur Louis, of Valence, has constructed a machine that is said to solve, as far as may be reasonably expected, the notable problem of perpetual motion."—Now, Sir, a gentleman of my acquaintance has proceeded in discovery to at least an equal extent with this persevering and ingenious foreigner: his machine will regularly and uninterruptedly proceed, without the interposition of any external cause: all supplies from foreign or external causes being, of course, excluded in a perpetual motion; and, thus far, all well. One sad obstacle however arises, and, it is thought, ever must arise to prevent the completion of the object in view; I allude to the impossibility of finding in this world materials of an imperishable nature. Pray, Mr. Editor, will you or any correspondent inform me (and the information may be acceptable as well to others as myself) what reward is held up to the longing eyes of the man, who fancies he can with Pythagoras exclaim *εβρηκα, εβρηκα!* and also if any reward has been claimed and allowed for laudable approaches towards the solution of this famed problem.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
ARCHIMEDES, JUN.

POETRY.

LINES, by the late COUNTESS B—
"Primavera! gioventu dell'anno." GUARINI.

Thou com'st, sweet Spring! but com'st not now
the same
As late I saw thee Winter's frowns remove,
When sportive hours all jocund with thee came,
And drooping nature wak'd to life and love.

When charm'd by thee, my rural pipe I sought,
And bid the vallies all thy praises hear;
When from the tuneful tribe (well pleas'd) I
caught
Some sylvan notes the lonely dale to cheer.

When list'ning nymphs adorn'd my flowing hair
With garlands gay that with thy blushes glow'd,
(Wreaths that in promise blossom'd fresh and
fair,
But never fruit or lasting sweets bestow'd!)

So have my fates their flattering smiles with-
drawn,
Though gentle once they seem'd serene and
gay!

As oft the sun, that gilds a joyful dawn,
Sees brooding clouds obscure his noon-tide
ray.

Thou com'st, sweet Spring!—but bringest not
to me
The precious gifts ere now profusely shed;
A tranquil mind, gay mirth, and liberty—
But rather these at thy approach are fled.

Stern Winter's frosts have far less cruel been,
Though long their rigors whiten'd o'er the
grove;
Safe were my flocks beneath the scowling scene,
And blest my cottage—sacred then to love!

Bright blas'd the turf, the social board appear'd
With rustic plenty, and with joy supplied:
For 'twas Alexis every sadness cheer'd,
Nor then foresaw in spring we must divide!

Lov'd, lost Alexis!—on whose gentle heart
Heaven has abundant pour'd its gifts divine!
Ah, why did fate thy wond'rous worth impart,
Yet cast my lot so far remov'd from thine?

Thou com'st, sweet Spring!—but I upbraid no
more,
For thou a sympathetic look dost wear!
In vain, alas! thou wouldst my peace restore,
In vain thou seem'st to pity my despair.

With lingering glance, on yonder russet plain
Thou still appear'st reluctantly to shine:
Perhaps thou may'st lament the faithful swain,
Whom love and mutual truth had chosen mine.

But no—fell discord, and the din of arms
Far off have seiz'd, and borne my love away:
Alike we fall, in prime of nature's charms,
To glory one—and one to grief a prey!

So opes the lily to the solar beam
Her silver bell; intent its warmth to woo;
Yet droops dejected ere its setting gleam,
And in the blessing meets affliction too!

MORNING.

Now dewy Nature starts from her repose—
Already has the bee her task begun,
And Flora's image upon earth, the rose,
Bursts into beauty with the morning sun.

A thousand zephyrs now are hovering there,
With wings invisible to earthly eyes,
To catch and waft her odours through the air,
As streaming from her lovely breast they rise.

Fair flowers less lovely, handmaids to their
Queen,
Unclose their eyes and weep the dew away,
And lift their heads late drooping o'er the green,
And sweetly welcome the approach of day.

What varied strains are gathering in the sky!
The ploughman's whistle and the lark's shrill
tone,
The rook's discordant answer to the cry
Of noisy nestlings helpless and alone.

Now floating far, the full and mellow note!
Of piping blackbird, perch'd upon the thorn,
And twittering strains from many a tuneful
throat,
Mix in the concert of the merry morn.

And oh! what eye could gaze on such a scene,
And coldly view the beauties there display'd,
Her rainbow tints, but most prevailing green,
Chaste in the light, and mellow in the shade—

Woods slowly waving to the scented gale,
And imaged, waving in the stream below,
Flocks calmly browsing in the cowslip dale,
With fleeces brightened by the matin glow.

Halesworth, May 26, 1817.

JUVENIS.

ON TASTE IN FEMALE DRESS.

(Concluded from our last Number.)

Personal neatness may almost be classed with the cardinal virtues. It was an observation of Lavater's, that persons habitually attentive to dress, display the same regularity in their domestic affairs. "Young women," says he, "who neglect their toilette, and manifest little concern about dress, indicate in this very particular, a disregard of order, a mind but ill-adapted to the details of house-

keeping; a deficiency of taste, and of the qualities that inspire love: they will be careless in every thing. The girl of eighteen, who desires not to please, will be a slut and a shrew at twenty-five. Pay attention, young men, to this sign; it never yet was known to deceive." Husbands, as well as lovers, are gratified and delighted in seeing their partners handsomely adorned; and I am well convinced, that many a heart, now roving in quest of variety, might have been detained in willing captivity at home, by the silken chains of personal decoration. It is one of the moral duties of every married woman, always to appear well dressed in the presence of her husband. To effect this, expensiveness of attire is by no means requisite. The simplest robe may evince the wearer's taste as nobly as the most gorgeous brocade. With respect to reigning fashions, it must never be considered; that

"One form of dress prescrib'd can suit with all:
One brightest shines when wealth and art combine

To make the finish'd piece completely fine;
When least adorn'd, another steals our hearts,
And, rich in native beauties, wants no arts;
In some are such resistless graces found,
That in all dresses they are sure to wound;
Their perfect forms all foreign aids despise
And gems but borrow lustre from their eyes."
The natural figure of a woman is of the first importance in determining the style of her dress. What sight, for instance, can be more preposterous than that of a short, thick, broad-shouldered, fat female in a spenser?—It has been well observed, too, that "short women destroy their symmetry, and encumber their charms; by all redundancy of ornament;" and that "a little woman, feathered and furbelowed, looks like a queen of the Ban-tam tribe, and we dare not approach her, for fear of ruffling her feathers."

Nor is the substance of which dresses are composed unworthy of notice. Making due allowance for the season, that which will display, or soften, the *contour* of the form, with most propriety and effect, should always be preferred. The Roman ladies had their *ventus textilis*, and their *linea nebula*—linen so fine as to acquire those names —; and, from the transparent muslin, to the substantial silk, the merino and kerseymere, our variety of texture is almost infinite. Thus, whilst the sylph-formed maiden may be allowed to float in gossamer, the more matured and portly female should adopt a fabric better suited to her size, her figure, and her time of life.

There is nothing, perhaps, more difficult of choice, or more delusive to the wearer, than colours; and nothing more

offensive to the educated eye, than colours ill-chosen, ill-adapted, or ill-combined.

"Let the fair nymph, in whose plump cheeks is seen

A constant blush, be clad in cheerful green;
In such a dress the sportive sea-nymphs go;
So in their grassy bed fresh roses blow."

In has been remarked, however, that grass-green, though a colour exceedingly pleasing and refreshing itself, jaundices the pale woman to such a degree, as to excite little other sensation but compassion in the beholder.

"—Maiden grown pale with sickness or despair,

The sable's mournful dye should close to wear;
So the pale moon still shines with purest light,
Cloath'd in the dusky mantle of the night."

Ladies of a pale complexion, I conceive, should seldom, if ever, wear a dress of an entire colour. Their white drapery, at least, might be relieved, and animated, by ribbons, flowers, &c. of delicate tints; such as light pink, or blossom-colour. On the other hand,

"The lass, whose skin is like the hazel brown,
With brighter yellow should o'ercome her own!"

She may even, without fear of offence, assume the orange, the scarlet, the coquelicot, the flame-colour, or the deep rose; either of which will heighten the animated hue of her complexion, and impart a more dazzling lustre to her eye.

It is not within the province of an old man, Mr. Editor, to descend into the minutiae of female attire, to prescribe the cut of a robe, the fall of a mantle, or the shape of a bonnet. These points may very safely be left to a consultation between the lady and her dress-maker; the cultivated taste of the former regulating and checking the meretricious fancy of the latter. In the hope that the hints which I have offered may prove of some utility,

I remain, &c. SENEX.

FINE ARTS.

REVIEW OF PAINTINGS

IN THE EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET-HOUSE.

No. 73. "Portrait of T. MURDOCK, Esq." by T. Phillips, R. A.: a head in a three-quarter view, of a complexion originally sanguine, embrowned by travel. The tone of the flesh is low and mellow. The combination of breadth and detail, in the carnations and shadows, is so perfect, and the reflections are so admirably managed, that, as in nature, the light and shadow, and all the forms, merge into one. We are instantly struck by this singleness of object, and the union is so entire, that it is only on a near inspection the parts admit of a separate examination. To those, who, in their imitation of the tasteful fascinations of Reynolds, cover the walls with pictures in a spongy or woolly

manner, this head proves that facility, the firmness of a draftsman, and taste, may flourish together. Its pure and unaffected spirit opposes a consoling contrast to those loose and undefined scumblings, which are obtruded upon the public, as specimens of a masterly execution. Although unlike the style of Titian or Reynolds, and evidently a style formed, altogether, upon a close study of nature, it possesses, with its own distinct character, a depth of colour equal to that in the portraits of the former, with much of the warm feeling of the latter. But Mr. Phillips's own fine taste, his chaste feeling, and his jealous attachment to simplicity and truth, are its essential beauties. Its style is as original as that of the *Countess of Cassilis*, by Mr. OWEN, or of *Anacreon Moore's* portrait, and that of *Ellis*, by SHEE. This originality is valuable, not only for its merits, but because it is an additional safeguard to the British School, from the vice of manner which corrupted the Schools of Italy, and to which all schools are prone. We repeat this observation, with a particular stress, at this moment, from a conviction that it is necessary. The rage for copying the style of some one master of celebrity, must produce an abandonment of nature; a mistake of the surface for the principles; and a disgusting sameness of manner, in the majority of those, who, even with the best advantages, are bred in the same school. As the population of a great capital, like London, is principally kept up by provincial settlers, so an original character in a School of Painters, is, perhaps, best maintained by the intermixture of young and able artists from a distance, who have formed an independent style of thinking and painting before their arrival. Such artists prevent the students from all running after one model, and bring a treasure into the school for that which they receive from it. Chantry, Mulready, Shee, and many other distinguished provincials, besides Mr. Phillips, are instances of this original power. There is a gentle facility in the execution of this portrait, which shows that the painter did not study to make the mere mode, or boldness, of his handling, the first attraction to the eye of a spectator. The penciling is not so distinct as that in his never-to-be-forgotten portrait of Mr. Hatchet, last year. It is more soft and large, and the effect of sharpness is produced without any overcharge of colour, or display of touch; all the features are correctly drawn, and determined with masterly precision. There is but one mass of light, which is composed in a rich, vigorous breadth, by the flesh, cravat and top of a yellow waistcoat. This singleness in the *chiaro-scuro*, produces the imposing unity in the picture. The light is diffused and mellowed, below, by some bright sharp touches on the buttons; which, with the delicate sharpness in the folds of the cravat, gives a spirit to the subdued movement of hand in finishing the flesh. The next subordinate mass is composed by the upper part of the dark purplish coat, united with some faint dun reflections on a dark, indistinct piece of carving or furniture behind. A strong accidental shadow across the arm and breast concentrates the light

above, and gives additional clearness and solidity to this admirable portrait.

No. 199. "Portrait of W. Q. Dick," not quite a half figure. Mr. Phillips has painted this gentleman in a loose Vandyke drapery of a warm shadowy purple, with a broad linen neck-band turned over and tied with tasselled lace. The action is graceful and spirited; the person seen in profile; the face turned round in a full three-quarter view, as if addressing the Spectator; the near arm buried in the loose folds of his robe, and the other raised, holding the drapery with one finger, gently pointing as if to mark the particulars of his reasoning. The mild inflection of the brow is that of a person conversing. The expression is altogether in accord. The head is finely drawn; the penciling soft and large; the carnations clear, inclined to sanguine; and forming, with the linen, a bold light in perfect union with the purplish shade of the dress. The fragment of a ruined building wrapt in deep obscurity; and the lowering solemnity of a dark cold sky, with ruddy gleams breaking through the grey clouds on the horizon, throw a sentiment into the accessories, and give an effect of grandeur to the whole. Mr. Phillips has also, No. 163, nearly a whole length portrait of J. Brookes, Esq. "painted by desire of the Students of Anatomy under his tuition." This is a capital specimen of truth. The attitude, expression, accessories, light and shadow, are in a pure style. But we conceive that the general effect would, perhaps, be more spirited if a greater portion of cold or cool-colours had been introduced. The grey tints in the back ground, the glass jar, and other accessories, with the small bit of green cloth on the table, are not sufficient to give value to so large a preponderance of warm assimilations. The introduction of the small bit of green cloth indicates that the Artist sought a balance or opposition of colour; but we cannot help thinking that so scanty a morsel of that tint is of small weight in the scale. We are aware that *Chastity* in Art is his idol; yet *Chastity* may smile and sparkle without losing its innocent attractions. We cannot resist a conviction that upon the judicious use of the cool or cold colours, depends much of the brilliant effect and vivacity of a portrait. Take away the cold stormy back-ground from the portrait of Mr. Quinten Dick, and you take away half the life from that speaking picture. This Artist has also Nos. 256, 277, 266, and 104, in the Exhibition. In No. 256, "May Ella, with her gude grey Katte," the little Brunette is seated in a playful posture, pressing her favorite to her bosom. The light of a smile sparkles in her countenance, and the expression is full of exquisite simplicity. Her forehead is shaded by chestnut curls; the flesh tints are warm; the cheeks tinged with ruddy health; the shadows of a clear olive; and the innocent archness of *Correggio* animates her whole figure. The back-ground is close and dark, excepting one picturesque break, and the light is thrown in broad bright masses upon her person.

No. 277. "Portraits of two young girls, with a Red-breast," is of a different character. The light is broadly diffused on the

white draperies, sky and back-ground. There is more joy of the heart, more dancing spirits, and vigor of *chiaro-scuro*, in No. 256: more airy vivacity in the masses, and a sprighlier play of pencil in this. The countenances are very fair, and painted in cool, clear tints of a low sweet tone, upon which the roseate hues of the cheeks, and humid crimson of the lips, mellow with much freshness and beauty. The blue eyes of the girl leaning, in a front view, give a livelier charm to her colouring, and the blue is spread by a bit of bright ribbon on her arm-knot, which mingles with the blueish tints of the sky and distance. The hair is a light brown, executed with a touch so loose and sharp, and yet so broad and thin, that one would think it might be blown about with a breath. A hushy bit of landscape, surrounded by felicitous combinations of tint; soft, broad, negligent, touched by the hand of taste itself, peeps upon us in the middle distance. Behind the girls and their feathered captive, the trunk of a tree rises, enriched with foliage and the wanton tendrils of a vine, whose broad leaves of golden yellow brighten, in vivid opposition to the azure masses of a summer sky. In breadth, fleshiness, lovely colouring and tasteful handling, there is nothing to be wished for in this fine specimen; but the *sentiment* is not so well defined as in No. 256; it is neither a joy for the acquisition of the red-breast, nor a concern for its captivity. The expression is *vague*, and wherever that is the case, however admirable the execution may be, the impressions upon the spectator must be *vague* also. Nevertheless, if we consider them simply as portraits, which have no incidental character to sustain, these heads are in an exquisite taste. The artist had a great difficulty to encounter, in avoiding unpleasant lines and angles, in the meeting of three hands and arms, about the *Robin*. No degree of skill could, perhaps, wholly overcome this difficulty. Mr. Phillips has exerted his powers, and we wish that we could compliment him upon an entire victory. But the eye is still sensible of some *constraint* and complexity, which is more obvious, as it occurs in the centre of this very attractive picture.

No. 266. "A whole length of a Boy, a native of New Guinea," is not a favorable subject for colouring, but Mr. Phillips has made it a picture of much merit and interest. In No. 104., a three-quarter length portrait of *Lady Ridley*, he has displayed a large share of tasteful feeling. The drawing, attitude and accessories, are worthy of his pencil. The execution is firm and sweet, and the whole picture marked by his unalterable love of truth. The tone of the head is clear and mellow; but not quite so rich as the tone of the heads in No. 277. The oppositions of colour are complex, and not so effective. Although the delicate fairness of the flesh is contrasted by the cool green draperies; that aid is checked by the quantity of red and yellowish tints on the turban and other parts. The latter certainly mellow the red on the cheek; but they also form a warm contrast with the light carnations of the face, which lose some of their value by the comparison, and appear proportionally cold.

Vandyck used cold purple, lilac, blue and black draperies, to give a *relative warmth* to the flesh-tints in faces of this delicate fairness. This counter-effect of the red in the turban upon the light carnations, is however so very slight as to be scarcely perceptible, and the grace and beauty of this lovely portrait fix the eye, and are calculated to make a long impression.

No. 223. "Benevolent Ladies relieving a distressed Family, by S. DRUMMOND." We noticed, in a former communication, the merits of this artist's whole length of C. PHILLIPS, Esq.; and, in the *invention* and *circumstances* of this story, there is much fine feeling and fancy. The pallid head of the sick young man asleep in bed, and the tender anxiety expressed by his old mother, with a tea-cup in one hand and the other gently laid upon his breast, watching to moisten his lips in the intervals of his slumbers, are sufficient to stamp a value upon this performance. The young lady cutting a loaf for a meagre hollow-eyed little boy; the greedy action of whose hands and ravenous gestures, show that he is ready to tear it from her, is another affecting and well told incident. The gratitude of the poor old father, whose eyes and clasped hands are raised in thanksgiving to heaven, is also expressed with much truth and feeling. The group with the matron and her daughter giving money and the bible to the kneeling wife of the sick son, is cleverly disposed, although the expression is not so strongly marked as in the figures already noticed. The little innocent asleep in the cradle is designed with spirit. The various accessories in the apartment are introduced in a good taste, and with a correct attention to relative propriety; and as far as the choice of subject, invention, drawing, characters and expression, this composition is highly creditable to the artist's humanity and professional abilities. There are genuine strokes of nature in it, which come home to the heart and lay a strong hold on our kindlier sympathies. As an excitement to charity, it is a practical act of virtue, which must work good by example. We bear this testimony to Mr. Drummond's benevolent conception and genius with sincere pleasure; but when we have done this, we are concerned to add our fear that not one tenth of its merits will ever be looked into, on account of its cold repulsive colouring and total want of even any approach to union. It would be an abuse of words to say that the tints are distributed or massed. They are scattered and broken, like the party-coloured bits upon a thrifty housewife's quilt, who has made up her bed-covering from a collection of shreds and cuttings out of the trash-bags of every good woman in the parish. They appear as a sort of chance-medley assemblage thrown in, with little if any relation to the colours around them. Many of the principal lights offend the eye by watry chilling colours. A dull greasy blue is very conspicuous in the draperies. The brightest hues are placed where they are cut off from support. They are left without a sufficiency of intermediate auxiliaries or shadowy assimilations to subside upon, and

place them in such friendly relation to their intended points of opposition, as might be productive of richness and harmony. Owing to this they have, with a few petty exceptions, no relative value. Instead of being invited by a mellow combination of skilful oppositions, we are repelled by a pie-bald discord of irreconcilable and isolated anomalies; a clashing of hungry, dead lights, and sluggish, opaque shadows, without glow, transparency, breadth or coherence. Every thing is in spots and patches. The yellow shawl on the matron is a patch; her deep crimson dress is a patch; the green bed-curtains are a patch; the child in the cradle is a patch; the red coat on the old man; the pale clammy blue in his pantaloons; and the same sickly colour in the boy, are all so many patches. To sum up this account of shreds and patches, although we are happy to repeat that the selection of the subject, and the invention of the incidents, do honor to the head and heart of the artist; and that the drawing, grouping, expression and characters, in all that does not depend upon the colouring, manifest no common skill, and are deserving of warm commendation, yet, in whatever relates to the colouring, we are under the painful necessity of observing that it is unworthy of his genius, and rank as an associate of the academy. Mr. Drummond has also several other pictures in the Exhibition, which evince his ready invention and mastery of hand; but in their colouring, partake, in different degrees, of the chilling discords which disfigure this pathetic subject. The prevalence of sickly blueish draperies in his principal masses of light, as in the portraits of Mrs. Brooks and her children, is one of his most prominent errors or neglects. In that picture there is a pleasing disposition in the lady's figure, and a graceful spirit in the turn of her head; but she is in a dull, leaden, blueish dress, with the contrast of an unwashed curtain of dingy yellow above her head, as if to render the chilling, heavy effect of her drapery, more offensive. No. 293, the whole-length portrait of a child embracing her doll, is designed with much playful grace, and an elegance of fancy, which would do credit to the pencil of any British Artist; but still this lively little baggage is too coldly and carelessly coloured; and is oppressed by a weight of greasy blue tints, in the landscape. If the former works of this artist did not warrant a high opinion of his powers, we should have passed by his pictures in silence; but we have received too much pleasure from his various compositions to abandon him now to the freaks of his caprice; the errors or neglects of his practice. His battle of Waterloo, last year, contained more bold thinking, clever drawing and composition, although rather too coldly coloured, than some fifty of the pictures then in the rooms. In 1810, he had one of the best historical compositions in the British Institution—"The commission of Diego Leiva and Camillo de la Torre to secure the young Princess of Mantua and Montserrat."—That fine picture is thus deservedly recorded in a critical publication of that day.—"The costume is picturesque, and although the green, crimson, orange and

scarlet draperies, are painted with brilliancy, equal to that of *Leonardo da Vinci* or *Giorgione's* hues, they offer no rash oppositions, as their principal force subsides into congenial shadows. The dignified character of the commissioners; the grouping and expression of the assistants; the architectural grandeur of the hall; the noble air of the fore-shortened figures descending the spiral stair-case; and the forcible effect of light and shadow; exhibit superior powers of thought and execution."—We agree with every word of the above: Mr. Drummond's picture merited his high distinction. That picture was conspicuous for its vigour and harmony of colouring. The artist possesses now, the same practical power and genius; but we behold him sinking into a temporary torpor, upon the edge of a precipice; and have only shaken him by the shoulder, to bid him look down and beware of falling. W. C.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD.—A vacancy in the representation of the University has taken place by the late Speaker being called to the House of Peers. It is supposed that Mr. Peel will be the successful candidate.

At the close of the Public Examination, this term, eight candidates were admitted by the Public Examiners into the First class of *Literæ Humaniores*; three into that of *Discip. mathemat. et Phys.* twenty-six and four into the other classes, respectively. On the last day of the term, the graduations were too numerous for our insertion; viz D. D. 1; B. D. 4; B. M. 1; B. C. L. 2; M. A. 15; B. A. 51.

The whole number of degrees in Easter Term, were one D. D.; three B. D.; three B. M.; three B. C. L.; sixteen M. A.; fifty-two B. A.

The Rev. E. Hawkins, Fellow of Oriel; N. T. Ellison, do. Balliol; and Mr. W. Dalby, do. Exeter; M. A. were appointed Masters of the Schools.

CAMBRIDGE.—The Hon. H. E. Bridgeman, and Sir R. A. Ferguson, Bart. of Trinity, are admitted Honorary M. A.; and Mr. A. Jones, do. to B. A.

Dr. Haviland has resigned the Office of Professor of Anatomy, for which there are two candidates, J. T. Woodhouse, M. D. Fellow of Caius, and W. Clarke, M. A. and L. M. Fellow of Trinity.

The gownsmen of this University now amount, as residents, to 4634; of whom 1359 are members of the senate, and 3275 are members on the boards. This number is beyond all former precedent; as no more than 2122 were resident in 1804, and in 1748, only 1500. It has been recently stated that during the past year, the great majority of academic honours were gained by Trinity and St. John's; but this may be simply accounted for by the fact, that those two Colleges contain one half of the University.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.—ITALIAN OPERA.

L'Agnes and *Il Don Giovanni*, were the performances at this Theatre since our last; Mr. Naldi's Benefit on Thursday next will produce (for the first time this season) *Mozart's Così fan tutte*, in which we hope to see him again in the character of Don Alfonso,

a part so admirably suited to his walk in the vocal Drama, and so ably sustained by him on former occasions.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.—On Monday night last the Comedy of the Clandestine Marriage, and the Farce of the Sultan were performed for the benefit of Miss Kelly; on Tuesday night the Peasant Boy and Doctor and Apothecary, for the benefit of Mr. T. Cooke and Harley; on Wednesday night the Devil's Bridge and Innkeeper's Daughter, for the benefit of Mr. Horn; on Thursday night Rugantino and the Boarding House for the benefit of Mr. Wallack and Mr. Knight. The benefits were in general well attended. A rumor is in circulation, that Mr. Kean is in treaty with the Managers of the Philadelphia Theatre to go to America early in the ensuing season. This would be a loss indeed!

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.—On Friday night 30th ult. Mr. Kemble performed Posthumus; on Saturday, Brutus; on Tuesday, Hotspur, for the benefit of Mr. Young; on Wednesday, Cato; and on Thursday, Macbeth, with Lady Macbeth by Mrs. Siddons, for the benefit of Mr. Charles Kemble. The house was each night crowded to an overflow, and on this last night, if it had been twice as large, it would have been filled. This night Mr. Kemble is to play the Stranger, for the benefit of Miss O'Neill. This brilliant ornament of the stage, although much recovered, is still in too delicate a state for strong exertion; and has, on that account, chosen the part of Mrs. Haller for her benefit.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

LETTERS FROM LONDON.

I must leave this town, my dear sister; I must fly from it for ever. All my speculations have failed. A governess of unimpeached morals, cannot earn a decent subsistence in it, though even hair-dressers drive their own tandems, and tailors entertain their customers with turbot and champagne. Every day some new trade is invented. A man has made a fortune here by staining bottles so as to imitate the incrustation of old port. A certain dentist purchased several thousand teeth plucked from the jaws of those young warriors who fell at Waterloo; and it is now no uncommon circumstance to see a dowager of seventy, displaying, in her smile, two rows of posthumous pearls, once the property of some sergeants in the forty-second regiment, or of some privates in the Connaught rangers. The great secret is to get a hard name for yourself, or your shop, or your goods. A book called "The Art of Dancing," would not sell at all, but yclep it "The Treasures of Terpsichore," and the whole world will buy it. Tooth-powder may be termed oriental dentifrice, and poma-

tum, pommade divine. A shop must be called a Bazaar, and a dress-maker has no chance of success, unless she entitle herself a *marchande des modes* or a *tailleuse*. I went to one the other day to bespeak something. Absolutely she was unintelligible. She talked of toques, cornettes, tulle fiches, coiffures, slashes and capotes. She earnestly recommended to me curls à la corkscrew, eau de Ninon for washing my face, and pommade de concombre for anointing it!

As it is now the middle of summer, one might imagine that the town would be altogether deserted. Quite the contrary. This is the height of the season, and the fashionables, content with pots of mignonette and wreathes of artificial flowers, are unwilling to ruralize amidst brooks and meadows, till the brooks are encrusted with ice, and the meadows covered with snow.

Nay, not only do they reverse the seasons, by transferring to summer the natural amusements of winter, but they likewise turn day into night and night into day. From eight to nine o'clock is the usual time for dining; and I know a young country gentleman, who having been met in the street and asked to dine, by a friend, was obliged to refuse the invitation on the plea of his having already supped.

"Besides," said this young gentleman to me, "I who have so restricted an income, really cannot afford to dine out often." "Nay," cried I, "your limited means ought to make such a saving very acceptable." "A saving!" exclaimed he, "it is the most extravagant plan you can conceive. Coach-hire, and the servants' vails for handing plates, and returning one's hat safe, cost twice as much as a dinner at a coffee-house. Believe me, a man of moderate fortune here, would soon ruin himself by dining at other people's expense. Besides, the lady of the house probably compels you to play at cards; in which case you may lose in half an hour, the price of three hundred and sixty-five dinners.

"Of course you may, if you stake much money," replied I.

"Ay, or if you do not stake a single farthing," said he, "for, now that money is scarce, there are some who have adopted the system of playing sheep points and bullock rubbers!"

"Probably then," said I, "they will soon begin to play for each other's wives and daughters."

"They would not consider that high play enough," answered my friend, "and in this they are borne out by the law; for if I steal a man's snuff box, I am

hanged; but if I steal his daughter, I am only fined."

Wonder not then, good sister, that I, who have no money, should quit a town, where one person is esteemed wiser or better or wittier than another, by a percentage on his pocket. I return to the country with renovated delight; nor have I gained much more by my trip to town, than the conviction of this truth, that we can never estimate the blessings of tranquillity, till we have experienced the turbulence and heartlessness of the busy world.

FRENCH MANNERS.

LES BASQUES.

*Illum non populi fasces, non purpura regum
Flexit, et invidios agitant discordia fratres.*

VIRGIL GEORG.

After I had made several excursions in the environs of Bayonne, my good genius led me one morning upon a terrace of Mar-rac, whence the eye has a commanding view along the course of the Nive; from this spot the view takes in a great part of the vallies and mountains where the *Basques* live separated in a manner from all the rest of the world, by their territory and their language; I reflected that this isolated situation had not prevented their being renowned, and that Cæsar in a very decisive passage of his *Commentaries* passes an eulogium upon them when speaking of the various races and tribes of mankind, after which nothing can be called an eulogium. I recollected that a Prussian minister came in 1795 to reside in their country and to learn their language.

The kind of studious curiosity with which I surveyed this vast landscape, drew the attention of a man above the middle age, who had approached, and seemed to share my admiration. "Probably, Sir, you are a stranger," said he, touching his cap. "I am a native of France," answered I, "but I left it at the age of fifteen, and returned to it at seventy-two, after having successively resided in the five principal parts of the world: you see, Sir, that I have had scope enough to chuse myself a country."—"You would not hesitate," replied he, briskly, "if you had, as I have, the happiness of being a Basque. Like you, I have visited many countries, but I always return to my mountains; and the more I observe this little corner of the earth, the more I compare it with all I have seen, the more reasons do I find for justifying in my own eyes the preference which I give it."

This was exactly the man I wanted; he was never tired of walking and talking; and I, on my side, was never weary of following him and hearing him. This singular character, with whom I was as intimate in half an hour as if we had been acquainted ten years, is in all respects a very distinguished man. His vast knowledge, of which the study of antiquity seems to have been the principal object, gives him a kind of speculative existence which makes the present appear to him as a point between the things that have been, and those which are to come: one would say that he is obliged to add

generations together in order to perceive them. The Greeks and Romans are to him but nations of yesterday, and the prodigious antiquity which he gives to the little Basque nation, has no small share in the love which he bears to his native country. M. Destère (it is under this name that he introduced himself to me) put me in mind of the Bramins of Hindostan, whom he considers as the depositaries of human wisdom, and I have no doubt but that it is to the advantage I have had of living some time with the descendants of the ancient Bramins that I owe in some measure the attention which he showed me during the week that we spent together in traversing the rocks and the vallies of the country of the Basques. What follows is the result of our promenade and our conversations.

The Basques are Phenicians, who came into the Pyrenees not less than five thousand years ago, to work the mines, and traces are still seen of them in the immense excavations in the mountains where these works were carried on.

Under the name of *Cantabrians*, the Basques came under the dominion of Rome later and with more difficulty than the other tribes of the Peninsula. This dominion, which bore so heavy on the rest of the earth, was never a real yoke to them; they had retained their language, their manners, their administrative and judicial usages. It was not a Lycurgus who had given them the oral laws, which had governed them for so many ages; they had received them from nature alone, and all had labored in establishing them; but these laws, which nobody had made, were loved by them with enthusiasm, and the first historians of Rome have not been able to avoid speaking of them with a sort of philosophical respect, which they do not always show to the institutions of other people.

The Basques inhabit the opposite sides of the western Pyrenees; the greater part of the nation is subject to Spain, and forms the population of *Navarre*, *Alava*, *Biscay*, and *Guipuscoa*.

The French Basques occupy, along the Pyrenees, a little territory divided into three districts, which are called *Lower Navarre*, *Soule*, and *Labour*, which, together with *Bearn*, form the department of the Lower Pyrenees. The Spanish and French Basques are one and the same race of men; their stature is of the middle size, but slender and well proportioned; their features are strongly marked: their physiognomy at once mild and proud: they are lively and laborious, and their agility is proverbial. The Basques speak a language which has no analogy with any living language. Some identical words which are found in the ancient languages of Greece and Egypt, serve as a basis to the system of a celebrated man, the countryman of M. Destère, who makes the Basque language of Phenician origin.—(My learned companion entered into a discussion on this subject, in the depth of which I should fear to engage; I rejoin him at the point where arguments appear to me to be supported by facts.)

The Basque seems to have been formerly

the only language in use throughout the whole Peninsula; in fact, from Cadiz to Ferrol, from Lisbon to Pampeluna, one is astonished at the great number of rivers, mountains, monuments, and ruins, which still bear Basque names. M. de La Borde, in his *Itinerary of Spain*, tells us that "in the kingdom of Valencia he saw ancient caverns, which are supposed to have served as granaries: he added, that in the country they are called *Silos*." Now *Silos* is a Basque word, signifying *hole*, cavern, excavation. (We may observe that in Hebrew the word *Silôh* had the same signification.) At the extremity of Portugal is a city, built or rebuilt by a Roman, and which is called *Hivi-Flavia*, (city of *Flavius*) from the Basque word *Hivia*, which signifies a town. I could adduce, added M. Destère, a hundred other instances of these Basque names, which have come from as great a distance without having changed upon the road.

Now, added he, how has this Basque language, which was so speedily extinguished by the Latin in the rest of the Peninsula, maintained itself in a corner of the Pyrenees? How has it alone escaped the corruption introduced by the successive invasions of the Vandals, the Alani, the Goths, and the Moors?

I answer to this, that the Cantabrians, who preferred their rocks to all the Roman splendor, took care not to learn the Latin, which the ambitious studied, to degrade themselves with elegance; that the barbarian invaders did not corrupt the language of the Basques, because they did not sojourn among them, and as it were, only stepped over their country. The Basques preferred their rocks to every thing; and nobody cared about these rocks: the case is still the same.

There is no city in the country of the Basques; hence the population is divided into two classes, nobility and farmers: the nobility (excepting the *Belzunies* and two or three other families) are poor, without lustre, but sociable and hospitable. It is a peculiar feature in the character of the Basques, to show the most generous hospitality to strangers who visit their country, but to conceive an aversion to those who desire to settle in it; I will mention on this subject a very remarkable historical fact.

At the time when the Goths inundated France and Spain, as a whole nation in arms, they left behind in the Basque cantons many sick, or stragglers: several of these found this abode more agreeable than Gothland, and would not leave it; they settled among the Basques; but they never could naturalize themselves: after they had become Christians, as well as the Aborigines, the latter persisted during several ages in having nothing in common with them, even in the churches: the holy water vessels, their burying places, all were separate. The name of Goths or Agoths given and received as a cruel insult, has caused blood to flow on many occasions. This absurd aversion has nearly lost all its violence; in our days the pure Basques live at peace with the Agoths; but yet this prejudice has still force enough to be an obstacle to alliances between fami-

lies, and my guide mentioned to me, instances of handsome girls, and what is more, with large fortunes, refused, under the pretext of their *Agothic* origin.

MEMOIRS OF TALMA.

M. Talma, who is now in his 50th year, was born in France, and remained in his native country till he attained his 8th year, when he was sent to receive a part of his education in this country. It is a remarkable circumstance in this early part of his life, that he was selected to perform a principal character in a play that was got up and performed before their Royal Highnesses the Prince Regent and Duke of York, at the Hanover Square Rooms, then belonging to Sir John Gallini, by the proprietors of the academy where he was placed, and that though he acquitted himself very well, he was so much agitated by his emotions in this his first essay, as not to recover from its effects for some time after the performance was over. He returned to France in his 15th year to finish his education, remained at college a few years, and re-visited England in 1783. It was at this period that he first felt an inclination for that profession, of which he was destined to become so distinguished an ornament. On seeing Mr. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons in tragedy, he returned to France in 1786, and began to apply himself to surgery as his future profession; but his predominant passion still carrying him to the stage, M. Mole, a celebrated comic actor with whom he got acquainted, took him under his care, and from the high opinion which he entertained of his talents, introduced him to the Committee of the Theatre Français, by whom he was engaged; in 1787, he made his first appearance in the character of Seid, in Voltaire's "*Mahomet*." He was then about 20, his success was immediate, rapid, and astonishing: he soon became so celebrated a tragedian, that *La Rive*, a famous actor, who, before Talma made his appearance, shone without a rival, was forced to retire from the stage. To that high character which he acquired so early in his professional career, experience in his art has given additional lustre.

The French almost despair of ever finding his equal—his superior they think impossible. It was not to be expected that such a man as Talma, considering the times in which he lived, could have avoided the imputations of party principles. He accordingly has been put down as of the revolutionary party; but this is an error or rather a calumny of his enemies, for he was, during the whole course

of the revolution, of the moderate party, and whatever his enemies may say to the contrary, he never made himself conspicuous. His commanding talents—his general acquirements—and, above all, the excellence of his private character, so distinguished for liberality and hospitality, cannot fail to ensure him a favourable reception in this country.

He speaks English fluently, but does not intend to perform any character in an English play, nor indeed, is it certain that he will in a French one, as he came here merely for his amusement.

The above account has appeared in the *Antigallican*. We have to observe that the editor mistakes in saying that "he soon became so celebrated as a Tragedian, that *La Rive*, a famous actor, who before Talma made his appearance, shone without a rival, was forced to retire from the stage." *LA RIVE* continued long on the stage after *TALMA* had acquired his reputation. He fully enjoyed public favor to the last, and the crown he had won did not lose its lustre when opposed to the laurels of his young rival.

The debut of Talma excited no enthusiasm. The part of *Charles IX.* in the Tragedy of that name by *CHENIER*, was the one which afforded him an opportunity of commencing and establishing his reputation. Among other things it was observed that he devoted such minute attention to his costume and head-dress, and gave so peculiar an expression to his features, that he presented a striking resemblance to the portraits which are preserved of that monarch.

French critics have been divided in opinion concerning the merits of Talma, who is the creator of a new style of declamation on the French stage. Some have accused him of heaviness in his delivery, a hollowiness of tone, and a voice, which is almost always confined, and which never developed itself except by sudden bursts. Others declare him to be a model of the *beau-ideal*, and an artist who has arrived at a degree of perfection which none ever before attained, and which none can in future hope to acquire.

Impartial amateurs agree that no one equals Talma in the character of a tyrant or a conspirator, such as *Nero*, *Manlius*, &c, but in those which require spirit, nobleness and dignity, like *Tancred*, *Orosmanes*, *Achilles*, &c. they prefer *La Fond*, who at this moment shares with him the tragic sceptre of the *Theatre Français*.

The celebrated critic *Geoffroy*, perhaps a little too much imbued with the principles of the old school, fre-

quently attacked the acting and declamation of Talma, in the *Journal des Debats*. The latter, who was intoxicated with the applauses lavished upon him, could not endure the pointed censures with which the old critic daily stung him. One evening, whilst *Geoffroy* was at the *Theatre-Français*, accompanied by his wife, and a lady and gentleman their friends, the door of his box suddenly opened while the performers were on the stage. A man appeared and said in a loud tone of voice: "Is M. *Geoffroy* here?" Without waiting for a reply, he entered the box, and seizing *Geoffroy* by the hand: "Come out, villain!" continued he. "Heavens! 'tis M. Talma!" exclaimed Madame *Geoffroy*. The friend of the critic then repelling the tragic monarch, whose nails were already imprinted in characters of blood upon the hand of his censor, succeeded in forcing him out of the box and closing the door upon him. The door was, however, opened a second time, the siege of the box again commenced, but the occupants had the advantage and remained masters of the field of battle. Had such an affair as this occurred in England, the actor would have been tried for an assault. In France, however, he was acquitted with a slight reproof, which *Savary*, who was then minister of police, delivered to him with a smile. On the following day *Geoffroy* gave a description of this scene, in the *Journal des Debats*, and was expert enough to turn the joke against his adversary.

Napoleon was exceedingly attached to *Talma*, and appointed him his reader.

We are happy in being able on the present occasion to subjoin an extract from Lady Morgan's forthcoming work, further illustrative of the peculiar talents of this distinguished actor.

Britannicus, (says Lady Morgan) so long the fashion, from the inimitable performance of *Talma* in *Nero*, awakened my most anxious expectations; and it was not without emotion, that I saw myself, for the first time, in the great national theatre of France, and in a box chosen and procured for me by M. Talma himself. Still, however great my expectation, however lively my impatience for the rising of the curtain, which recalled the long blunted vivacity of feelings of childish solicitude and curiosity, I soon perceived I was cold, languid, and inanimate to the genuine French audience that surrounded me. The house was an overflow at an early hour; the orchestra, cleared of all its instruments, was filled to suffocation; and the *parterre*, as usual, crowded with men, (chiefly from the public schools and lycées, whose criticisms not unfrequently decide the fate of new pieces, and give weight to the reputation of old ones,) exhibited hundreds of anxious faces, marked countenances, and figures and

costumes which might answer alike for the hands of *brigandage*, or the classes of philosophy. Some were reading over the tragedy; others were commenting particular passages;—a low murmur of agitation crept through the house, like the rustling of leaves to a gentle wind, until the rising of the curtain stilled every voice, composed every muscle, and riveted the very existence of the audience, (if I may use the expression) upon the scene.

The theatres of other countries assemble spectators, but an audience is only to be found in a French theatre.—Through the whole five acts attention never flagged for a moment; not an eye was averted—not an ear unattending; every one seemed to have the play by heart, and every one attended, as if he had never seen it before.

In the famous scene of *Britannicus*, where *Agrippina* is left tête-à-tête with her son, to enter on her defence, Mademoiselle Georges, as the Roman empress, went through a long speech of a hundred and ten lines, with great clearness, elegance of enunciation, and graceful calmness of action.

During the first seventy lines of this speech, Talma, as *Nero*, sat a patient and tranquil auditor. No abrupt interruption of haughty impatience, disdaining the curb of a long-neglected authority, was furnished by the genius of the author, or gave play to the talents of the admirable actor; and the little by-play allowed him, or rather that he allowed himself, was not *risked*, until towards the close of the speech: it was then, however, exquisite; it was *Nature*. The constraint of forced and half-given attention, the languor of exhaustion, the restlessness of tedium, and the struggle between some little remains of filial deference and habitual respect, blended with the haughty impatience of all dictation, were depicted, not in strong symptoms and broad touches of grimace and action, but with a keeping, a tact, a fidelity to *Nature*, indescribably fine. His transition of attitude; his playing with the embroidered scarf, round his neck, and which made a part of his most classical costume, his almost appearing to count its threads, in the inanity of his profound *ennui*, were all traits of the highest order of acting. In London, this acting would have produced a thunder of applause; in Paris it was coldly received, because it was innovation; and many a black head in the *parterre* was searching its classical recesses, for some example from some traditional authority, from *Baron*, or *Le Kain*, of an emperor being restless on his chair, or of the incident of playing with the handkerchief being at all conformable to the necessity "*de représenter noblement*," in all kings, since the time of *Louis le Grand*.

Whether on the stage, at the *Théâtre Français*, or in the *Thuilleries*, Talma is eminently superior to the school, whose rules he is obliged to obey. His great genius always appeared to me to be struggling against the methodical obstacles presented to its exertions. He is the *Gulliver* of the French stage tied down by *Lilliputian threads*. Before talents like his can exert their full force, and take their uttermost scope, a new order

of drama must succeed to the declamatory and rhyming school, which now occupies the French stage. Talma is a passionate admirer of the English drama, and of *Shakespeare*. He speaks English fluently, and told me that he had a great desire to play in one of *Shakespeare's* tragedies. He did not complain, but he *hinted* at the restraint under which his talents laboured, from that *esprit de système*, which the French have banished from every other art; and which keeps its last hold on their stage. But he said, "If I attempt the least innovation; if I frown a shade deeper to-night than I frowned last night, in the same character, the *parterre* are sure to call me to order."

The dignity and tragic powers of Talma, on the stage, are curiously but charmingly contrasted with the simplicity, playfulness, and gaiety of his most unassuming, unpretending manners off the stage. I (who had never seen *Coriolanus* in the drawing room, but as I had seen *Coriolanus* in the Forum), expected to meet this great tragedian in private life, in all the pomp and solemnity of his profession; the cold address, the measured phrase: in a word, I expected to meet the actor; but in the simple, unaffected manners of this celebrated person, I found only the well-bred and accomplished gentleman. Talma had, in his early life, been intimate with *Buonaparte*; and the ex-Emperor, (who never forgot the friends of the young engineer officer), accorded the *petites entrées* of the palace to the sovereign of the *Théâtre-Français*. Talma saw him constantly; not, however, to give him lessons, (an invention at which *Buonaparte* and Talma both laughed;) but to discuss his favourite topic, tragedy, of which he was passionately fond. On this subject, however, the actor frequently differed with the Emperor; while the Emperor as frequently dictated to the actor, greeting him with "*Eh bien! Talma, vous n'avez pas usé de vos moyens hier au soir.*" *Napoleon* always disputed the merits of comedy, and observed to a gentleman, from whom I had the anecdote, "*Si vous préférez la comédie, c'est parceque vous vieillissez.*"—"Et vous, Sire," replied Monsieur —, "*vous aimez la tragédie, parceque vous êtes trop jeune.*"

VARIETIES.

MADAME DE STAEL.

A foreign periodical work relates the following anecdotes of Madame de Stael:—This Lady when in London received an invitation to the Prince Regent's. His Royal Highness, who is peculiarly distinguished by that condescending affability which inspires confidence without diminishing respect, took her by the hand and conducted her about the apartment. After he had paid her many compliments on the extraordinary genius displayed in her works, he invited her to breakfast with him the following morning. Madame de Stael, forgetting the difference in rank between herself and the illustrious personage who was speaking to her, excused herself on the ground of a prior engagement. The Prince, justly offended at

such an answer, gently loosed her hand, bowed and retired, leaving the haughty female quite confounded. She perceived too late the error she had committed, and that the honor of an invitation from the ruler of a great empire is worth purchasing at the price of an excuse to one of his subjects.

The work upon which Madame de Stael is at present engaged, on the French Revolution and the History of her Father's Administration, is to form three Volumes. A Paris Bookseller, not long since, enquired with due humility of the author, what price she asked for her new master-piece. The answer was, 45,000 francs, (1,875*l.*) with a reservation of the right of selling the MS. again in London. The bookseller silently withdrew. He considered that the mere name of Madame de Stael might, to be sure, command a sale for at least two or three thousand copies; but that 45,000 francs was a sum with which a number of less extensive but far more safe and lucrative speculations might be carried on; for, supposing the new work to obtain no greater approbation than that which she wrote on Germany, he could scarcely be reimbursed his 45,000 francs. "If it were but a novel, indeed," cried the bookseller, in the midst of his calculations, "I should not be afraid; but a work on the French Revolution! why, a whole library has already been written on that subject. Many new and unexpected observations will doubtless be brought forward by this ingenious lady; but she will scarcely be able to produce three volumes full of such novelties; or she will get into political discussions, which are the ruin of a book, and what is still worse, of the bookseller." The calculator hereupon laid down his pen, and determined not to risk 45,000 francs upon the French revolution.

HUMANITY.—Amongst the many experiments for improving the state of science and of society at large, it is not undeserving of notice, that a Cornish gentleman has invented a simple machine, whose object is to shorten the sufferings of a portion of the animal creation too often subjected, unnecessarily, to the most cruel torments. His instrument consists of a sharp pin of iron with a flat edge at the point, which, if struck into the head of any shell or other fish, instantly cuts the brain and produces death, previous to the application of fire or water for culinary purposes. This is certainly deserving of the attention of our lovely countrywomen in their domestic arrangements. Surely those, who can weep over the imaginary woes of imaginary heroines, will not fail to adopt a plan so simple, yet so humane!

AGRICULTURE.—It is curious to imagine what must have been the face of this country prior to the reign of Henry VIII., at which period seem first to have been introduced a great proportion of those fruits and flowers which now adorn our fields, gardens, and orchards. Until then cherries and currants were unknown; no mulberries, nor even clover grass were any where to be met with—to say nothing of the potatoe. In fact, elegance must have been unknown, and even comfort but little attended to.

ANECDOTE.—His Majesty one day observed to the late Colonel Price, that he had some intention of cutting down a particular tree near Windsor, asking at the same time the Colonel's opinion, which the latter gave decidedly against the King's project. "Aye!" said His Majesty, in rather a hasty mood, "that's your way; you continually contradict me."—"If your Majesty," replied Price, "will not condescend to listen to the honest sentiments of your faithful servants, you never can hear the truth." After a short pause, the King, very kindly, laid his hand upon the Colonel's shoulder—"You are right, Price; the tree shall stand."

TRIGONOMETRICAL SURVEY.

A just tribute to the cause of science has been paid by the Finance Committee of the House of Commons, who recommend that no false views of economy shall be permitted to paralyze the geometrical measurements, and experiments now going on under the Board of Ordnance. The Committee states, very judiciously, that the survey must be not only useful for the illustration of the most curious problems in Astronomy and Geology; but also in forming the basis of a great variety of discoveries intimately connected with the prosperity of the country.

EDUCATION IN IRELAND.—In addition to the advantages resulting from the Liberty of the Press, it is of material importance that Literature in general should be rendered conducive to public welfare and to natural polity. It has therefore been a question whether public seminaries should be permitted in distant colonies, or the colonial youths encouraged to receive their education in the mother country, in order to foster in their bosoms even the national prejudices of Britons, thereby preserving that specific feeling which will always operate against revolt or revolution. In colonies so extended as our former ones in the United States, such a system would have been impracticable; yet it still seems not only practicable but also imperative upon us with respect to British India. Every thing therefore which connects the two countries, in regard to education, is of importance, and we therefore record with pleasure a fact highly honorable to the feelings of our oriental countrymen who still preserve such an attachment to their native soil as to have subscribed a sum of near Two Thousand Pounds towards the "Academical Institution" of the North of Ireland, founded by the public spirit of the inhabitants of the commercial town of Belfast, and patronized by annual grants of the British Legislature.

DRY ROT IN TIMBER.—A very ingenious theory of this destructive evil has just been offered to public notice, attributing it to the chemical effects of putrefactive fermentation; the proof of which is drawn from the great extrication of carbonic acid gas in those parts of ships where it first makes its appearance. The theory is deserving of official attention.

Madame Bertinotti has lately arrived at Paris, where she is engaged to perform the *Buffa* characters at the Italian opera. It will be recollected that this lady was engaged

in London a year or two ago, when she sang in competition with Catalani.

BRITISH MUSEUM.—Amidst the many records of the praiseworthy attention of the late Speaker of the House of Commons towards all his public duties, none of our contemporaries have noticed his indefatigable exertions for improving, and adding facilities to the admission of visitors to this national Emporium of Literature and Science. Formerly the difficulties towards admission for research, were almost insurmountable; and even daily visitors, for purposes of mere curiosity, were frequently obliged to wait for weeks before entrance could be obtained. Owing, however, to present arrangements, in which Lord Colchester has been particularly active, so great are the facilities now afforded, that on Monday last, we understand, upwards of one thousand visitors passed through the apartments without the slightest disorder or confusion—a number unprecedented; and forming a most curious contrast to the thirty or forty formerly admitted. These are arrangements for which the whole body of Trustees deserve the public gratitude.

A late number of the *Journal des Debats* mentions a French translation of Claudius Ptolemy's Mathematical works, by M. l'Abbé Halma.

The translator begins by frankly avowing his total ignorance of the subjects of which he treats. This circumstance does not, however, deter him from continuing his task with intrepidity, and he confidently delivered his opinion on matters which, by his own confession, he does not understand. This reminds us of an anecdote related of a certain member of one of the French deliberative assemblies who ascended the tribune and said: "Gentlemen, you have been discoursing about finance:—Although I do not pretend to know any thing of the subject, yet I beg leave to state my opinion respecting it."

A new census has been taken of the population of Paris, which has been found to exceed 860,000, being 20,000 more than London within the bills of mortality.

To give additional strength to iron and steel, Mr. DANIELL proposes to twist the metal in the same manner as strength and compactness are given to hemp and flax.

The annual revenues of the parochial clergy of England and Wales have been stated at 3,557,000*l.* But it must be remembered, that these revenues arise as well from glebe and augmentation lands, with surplice-fees, as from tithes in kind or by composition, which, in each parish, can scarcely be estimated on the average under 40*l.* per annum, which, according to the number of 10,649 parochial benefices, will amount to nearly 526,000*l.*; this being deducted from the gross revenue of the parochial clergy, will leave 2,031,000*l.* as the actual receipt from the tithes in their possession. The impropriations are usually estimated at 3,845 in number; and of these, about one-third belong to the bishops, dignified clergy, and two Universities, and the other two-thirds to the lay impropriators: and the laity are also lessees of the one-third belonging to the superior

clergy and Universities. The collective income of which impropriations from tithes alone, at this time, may be taken at 1,538,000*l.* per annum. It appears, then, that the total receipt from the tithes in the possession of the parochial clergy and impropriators, whether paid in kind or accounted for by composition, amounts to 3,569,000*l.* per annum: which, in proportion to that part of the agricultural lands in the kingdom, subject to the payment of tithes, namely, 28,000,000 of acres, and valued or rented at 15*s.*, 40*s.*, or 25*s.*, per statute acre, will be under 3*s.* 5*d.* in the pound at 15*s.* per acre, a little above 2*s.* 6*d.* in the pound at 40*s.* per acre, and a little above 2*s.* in the pound at 25*s.* per acre.

If it were allowed us to peep into futurity, how many strange political events might be contemplated when *New Holland* shall become a mighty and populous Empire. But, perhaps, in future ages, when the northern hemisphere may again be immersed in darkness, and when the southern Ocean shall have become the grand parade for political and maritime affairs—perhaps, the double island of *New Zealand*, from the advantages of its form and capability, may become the Britain of Australasian climes. That island has hitherto been too much neglected; we are therefore pleased to announce the publication of a voyage thither by Mr. Nicholes, in company with the Rev. Samuel Marsden, which promises to give an accurate and enlarged account of the state of the country, and its productions, together with the character and manners of its inhabitants.

In the present state of things, the rage for emigration might be directed, with great propriety, towards that quarter.

A wooden house has recently been constructed at St. Petersburg for the elephants which the Schat of Persia has presented to the Emperor of Russia. The male elephant is seventeen feet high; his tusks have been partly sawed off and encircled in golden rings. This is the same elephant on which the Sovereign of Persia used to ride with a Canopy over his head. Several Persians, who were accustomed to attend on these animals, continue to reside at St. Petersburg. A singular incident lately took place with respect to the male elephant. A lady whom curiosity frequently attracted to see him, never paid him a visit without carrying along with her some bread, apples and brandy. One day the animal, as a testimony of his gratitude, seized her with his trunk and placed her upon his back. The poor lady who was not prepared for this act of gallantry uttered piercing shrieks and entreated the assistance of those who were standing near. The Persians however prudently advised her not to stir and she was obliged to wait until the elephant placed her on the ground as carefully as he had raised her.

POLITICS.

Parliament has again met after the recess; but its first contemplated measures were unexpectedly postponed by the resignation of the Speaker, who has since

been called up to the House of Peers as Lord Colchester. This event has given rise to a most important discussion in defence of the privileges of the House of Commons, against even the apparent interference of the Crown inside their walls—a discussion highly gratifying to every rational friend of the rights of the people; and which, in asserting and maintaining the dignity and independence of that House, is the best answer to those who both within doors and without, accuse it of not being truly representative of the nation. Ministers having brought down a Royal Message, calling upon the House to assist the Sovereign in bestowing pecuniary marks of favor upon their late estimable Speaker, it was instantly contended that such a measure ought to originate with the House itself; both as a matter of right and of constitutional delicacy. To this ministers slightly demurred; arguing that the proposed measure was correct both in form and substance: yet still, in deference to the representatives of the people, and with a scrupulous regard to the purity of Parliament, they consented to withdraw the address to the Royal Message, and the affair has commenced with the House itself, the principal contest being now in favour of a remuneration for past services even more liberal than that contemplated by government. The new Speaker has taken the Chair under flattering auspices, but not until after a division in support of Mr. Charles Wynne, being, we believe, only the second instance of that nature during a century. The propriety of a further Suspension of the Habeas Corpus has been referred to Committees, after some opposition. City Politics, as connected with Parliament, present the curious spectacle of an old and faithful representative being called on to resign by an unexpected motion in a Common Hall, from which it is said the great proportion of real Members had retired, whilst their place was filled by a noisy rabble! The Lord Mayor comes in without opposition.

It is matter of great regret that the domestic tranquillity of Ireland is at present disturbed by the plunder of provisions; and nothing more strongly marks the impropriety of such proceedings, than the fact, that *Seed Corn*, gratuitously supplied by government for the use of the distressed farmer, has actually been pillaged and destroyed. Government has now dismissed both the Tunisian pirates, but we doubt any good results from such forbearance. Indeed, the Continental papers say that some European Sovereign has sent snuff-boxes to the Deys of Algiers and Tripoli, perhaps as a hint

that he will be their friend *at a pinch*! This is a mistaken policy; but the Mediterranean powers have no right to claim our interference in their defence—nay, it is a most curious fact, that subjects both of the Pope and of Tuscany have very recently been carried prisoners into Algiers, the Dey of which state is actually building at Leghorn a Corvette of 20 guns and two brigs!

France, though apparently quiescent, is by no means tranquil. The Court and Princes find it necessary to pay large sums to the soldiery, to assist in the purchase of bread; and in the recruiting service, no *veterans* are engaged, several strong symptoms of insubordination having appeared in the conduct of the present troops.

Sweden has adopted a most preposterous line of commercial exclusion; forbidding the import of wines and other foreign supplies. This will only encourage smuggling, diminish her own exports, and drain her specie—The Diet of Courland, under the judicious influence of ALEXANDER, has abolished vassalage throughout that state.

In South America, both Spanish and Portuguese, all events seem wrapped up in obscurity and exaggeration. It is certain, however, that the revolution has been completed, if not secured, in the northern district of Brazil; but its progress southward has been by no means so rapid as first asserted. The new government of Pernambuco has solicited the friendship of the United States, in which latter country we are happy to see Congress have determined to adopt the most effectual measures, in concert with other governments, to put a stop to all further traffic in slaves.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A patent has been obtained by Mr. Clegg, the Gas Engineer, for an economical mode of supplying Gas from the smallest quantity of fuel. The application of his principle to culinary fires might, at a very moderate expense, enable families to supply themselves with a great proportion of the light necessary for domestic purposes, during the winter months.

The Commentaries on Shakspeare seem as inexhaustible as his own genius; and the literary world are again promised new illustrations of his characters, of the chronology of his writings, and of the manners and literature of his age, from the pen of Dr. Drake.

The GOLD MEDAL, or the sum of one Hundred Pounds, has been offered by the Board of Agriculture, for the best Essay on employing the industrious and unoccupied poor. But they have perhaps done better by offering the smaller premium of Fifty Pounds to the person who will cause the greatest number of acres to be dug by hand during the present Spring. This is a ready and present remedy!

It is said that the well-known Mr. Lancaster has invented a mode by which the expense of education on the national plan may be considerably diminished, with respect to the supply of books and necessary lessons.

Architectural Antiquities are about to receive a valuable addition by a work on the Ruins of Gour, illustrated by views—a posthumous work of N. Creighton, Esq.

We know not, as yet, of any advantages which have resulted from the propagation of the Craniological theory of Dr. Gall; but we now understand that his disciple, Dr. Sparsheim, is engaged in preparing a volume of Observations on Mental Diseases, connected with that theory.

The pen of Theology is now brandished by a fair combatant, MARY CORNWALLIS, who is printing four octavo volumes of Observations on the Canonical Scriptures.

Topography is now become so interesting as a study, that the strongest temptations are held out to intelligent collectors to lay their stores before the public. But to perform the task even of one county is almost beyond the powers or the duration of one individual; local topography becomes therefore of great importance, and we are happy to see that Whitby and its neighbourhood promise to be well illustrated from the pen of the Rev. George Young, aided by the papers of several of his friends.

An Octavo Edition of Dr. Franklin's Correspondence is nearly ready for publication.

The second and last volume of Dr. Watkins's Memoirs of Sheridan is in a forward state.

In the Press, A Descriptive Catalogue of the Pictures in the Louvre, with Biographical Notices of the different Painters. To which is added a Description of the Statues in the Lower Gallery. Small pocket volume.

Amongst the various plans to ameliorate the condition of the Poor by supplying them with cheap substitutes for animal food, there is perhaps none that would conduce more to their comfort than the encouragement and improvement of *Cottage Gardening*. To enable the poor to find their own support, is not only more politic, but also more humane than the mere giving of pecuniary alms, and trenches much less upon their mental independence; we are consequently pleased to find that Mr. W. Salisbury of Sloane Street, is about to publish a popular work on that interesting subject.

The celebrated Mr. (now Professor) Goarres, editor of the well-known Rhenish Mercury, has a work in preparation which is expected to be peculiarly interesting: the title is, "Representation of the whole spirit of the middle ages, as it may be recognised in the Vatican MSS. in great and inflexible consistency, pervading Religion and Theology, Politics and Legislation; Philosophy, Art and Antiquity, and a view of the general connection of the epic poems existing there."

Bibliography will soon be enriched by the appearance of the Rev. T. F. Dibdin's new work, the Bibliographical Decameron.

The Emperor of Russia has bestowed a pension of 4000 rubles upon the Chevalier Schickousky, a favourite poet, who is considered as the Poet Laureate.

M. Hatchette, formerly professor of Mathematics in the Polytechnic School, is engaged on an extensive series of experiments on the discharge of liquids of different degrees of viscosity, &c. from orifices of different shapes in the bottom and sides of vessels. The experiments already made tend to call in question some of the results of M. Bossut, Dr. Matthieu Young, and Professor Vince.